

IT'S ALL ABOUT ME

...or is it?

Christopher
Barron

Knock on yourself as upon a door and walk upon yourself as on a straight road. For if you walk on the road, it is impossible for you to go astray... Open the door for yourself that you may know what is... Whatever you will open for yourself, you will open.

SILANUS

There are many daily examples of... (God's) love and devotion on monumental levels, but for some reason, as humans, we need more. I'm prone to that way of thinking from time to time. It is definitely a human condition. I can only speak truly of my own experiences and hope that by reading about them, they will spur memories of your own or help you start your own self-discovery. It is never too late.

Copyright © 2012 Christopher Barron

All rights reserved.

ISBN; 1477525661

ISBN 13; 9781477525661

Library of Congress Control Number; 2012910754

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

First and foremost this book is recognition and celebration of the divine intelligence, inspiration, authority and awesome wonder of God. Also the Holy Ghost and my spirit guides who light, clear the way and protect me along my journey. And who never give up on me especially through times of doubt and confusion.

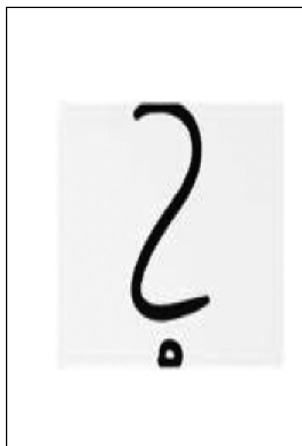
I would like to thank my long time friends, Jane Schore and Bob Morelli, who have been an unsuspecting support during the writing of this book, and Jessica Junyent for her initial review and encouragement of a very early draft. In addition my trusted and invaluable confidante and friend Michelle Warkentin for her intuitive support.

My mother Peggy for her unconditional love and life-long sacrifices, and sisters Debbie and Mary Ellen for their exceptional support. Finally my five brothers, of course, for each had a role in the early me.

Chapters

<i>INTRODUCTION</i>	<i>VII</i>
<i>THE ANOINTMENT</i>	<i>1</i>
<i>DEATH OF A FATHER; BIRTH OF A SON.....</i>	<i>7</i>
<i>A ROAD LESS TRAVELED.....</i>	<i>13</i>
<i>IT'S HARD TO SAY GOOD-BYE.....</i>	<i>19</i>
<i>AN UNLIKELY MONAD</i>	<i>25</i>
<i>WHERE, OH, WHERE HAS BILLY GONE?</i>	<i>33</i>
<i>THE COMING HOME.....</i>	<i>41</i>
<i>THE LONG ROAD AHEAD.....</i>	<i>49</i>
<i>WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING, ANY ROAD WILL GET YOU THERE</i>	<i>57</i>
<i>NO MATTER WHERE I GO, THERE I IS</i>	<i>63</i>
<i>A DIVINE INTERVENTION.....</i>	<i>69</i>
<i>TRIANGULATION; BACK TO THE FUTURE</i>	<i>83</i>
<i>CALLINGS</i>	<i>91</i>
<i>MESSAGES</i>	<i>97</i>
<i>SIGNS.....</i>	<i>103</i>
<i>DON'T SHOOT THE MESSENGER.....</i>	<i>121</i>
<i>THE FOUR FACES OF GOD</i>	<i>127</i>
<i>WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?.....</i>	<i>135</i>
<i>THE RIVER RAMBLES ON.....</i>	<i>141</i>

Introduction



What's important? A good friend advised me, after giving my early manuscript a read, to remove some of the less important parts of the book which really didn't say much except for where I was and what I was doing. And I almost did.

However, after some reflection and some re-reading, I realized that the less important times in our lives are as important as the important or melo-dramatic and exciting times in our lives. Whether we realize it or not, it is those less important times when the universe is preparing the next important time. Since we know the universe doesn't rest, sooner or later her decisions will affect us directly and always indirectly.

All moments in our lives are important and those who don't want to sweat the small things usually end up sweating

the big things. Moments in time are a part of the chain reaction that we call life and eventually link us all together. Reflection upon each and every moment, individually or as a summary, is as important as living them in real time.

When conscious, we are able to reflect on the truth. Consciousness, for some, is so frightening that they turn away from it, being content to be ignorant, while others, after a reality shock, sink into to truth very nicely; for there is nothing easier than truth.

My grandmother, Mary Guthrie Drummond Plumpton, was in her life a daughter, wife, woman, mother, friend, author, historian, museum curator, grandmother, and an inspiration. She wrote a book detailing and chronicling the immigration and history of the countryside where she and my family grew up and, for the most part, still live; Corbyville, Ontario, Canada. She titled her book *The Rambling River*. It is the story of the early settlement of a community along the life source of any community; a river named the Moira.

I found it fitting to name the final chapter in my story The River Rambles On. Rivers ramble on, as does life. Generation after generation care for the river and life continues to be nurtured by God. Our existence, so important to its survival that without this single natural element we would surely shrivel up and die. I mean...God; the eternal and irrefutable power that keeps us all going and flowing.

All our experiences are linked as they flow down the river of life, eventually touching, connecting. We are not separate from one. When I throw something into the river of life, my experience will flow down-stream, eventually affecting someone else, whose experience will in turn affect another, which will affect another, and so on.

My wish is that this small ripple of my life's experiences from the rock I toss into the river gently rocks your boat awakening and discovering the connection within your own experiences. Life is about experiences.

It is the time-honored tradition of storytelling that teaches us how to be, allows us to be and connects us as a unique and possibly one day a unified body of existence.

What follows is my story. I never knew where I was going or what I was doing, but I did recognize patterns and signs. Now I have lived long enough to start putting the pieces of the puzzle together.

And as life would have it—the more I see the picture, the more questions I have.

The Anointment



In 2008, as I lay myself down to sleep in my Hollywood Hills apartment and as my mind began to relax, I noticed a rumbling sound and feeling in my lungs when I exhaled. I wasn't ill—or at least I didn't think I was—but each time I inhaled, my lungs felt as though they were filling with fluid. It was a strange feeling and I played with it a few times before I finally fell into a deep sleep.

By morning I had fallen ill - more seriously than I had ever been. It was quick, and I fell hard. I didn't know what hit me and I can't really remember too much during the time of my illness. I had no employee medical benefits, and I didn't make enough money to afford medical insurance. Therefore, I had only my strong country genetic stock I inherited from my parents to see me through.

Even if I had medical insurance, I doubt if I would have

gone to the doctor's office—that wasn't the way I was brought up. You would only go to the doctor or hospital if death was imminent. And if death was imminent, then why bother going to the hospital? It was always Doctor Mom who knew the remedy. Country people live a tradition of learning ways to care for and cure for oneself. Cuts, bangs, bruises, scratches, and the odd dented head were healed more with love and time than medicine.

I had an extreme fever for about ten days. My lungs ached and my cough was that of an eighty year old man. I say that because a person who was visiting upstairs from my place inquired who the old man was living downstairs coughing all night. That old man was me; forty-six, and very healthy!

I was unable to go to work, which was extraordinary for me. The only reason I would not go to work or fulfill any responsibility is if I was on my deathbed. And this time, I surely believed I was. I've never been the type of person who talks about my illness or problems. Like my mother, I figure nobody wants to really hear about them, so why bother talking about them.

I hadn't eaten for days, and had barely any liquids. Living on top of a hill in Hollywood is no easy task to hop on over to a market, and less so when you're ill.

Finally, I broke down and called my friend Jane to please bring me some oranges. That was all I craved. Jane and I have been friends for a couple of decades by now. She knew that if I was calling to ask for help like this, it must be serious and she brought me the fruit within minutes.

During this time, I developed a routine of waking up at 3;00 am and watching television because I had slept all day. At that time in the morning, there wasn't much on besides

paid advertisements, infomercials, and religious programs. With over two hundred channels, most of them were repeat programming.

Since nothing interesting was on television, I started tuning in to music channels and in particular, discovering gospel music. I had attended church less than a handful of times in my life, so I didn't know too much about it, though it did and continues to inspire me when I hear it.

The apartment I was living in was built into the side of the hills above Sunset Boulevard overlooking the downtown Los Angeles city skyline. The best part of this apartment, aside from the view and high ceilings, was the bathroom, the shower of which was literally built into the mountainside. When you're standing six feet and four inches, tall ceilings are important. There was also a steam room, designed in an unfinished waterproofed décor.

For years, I had been practicing steam therapy without knowing it. One memorable experience with steam therapy happened in 2003 while visiting Montreal. I would go to a spa on an irregular basis. It was large, clean, inexpensive, and had a great steam room. The steam room was large and pumped out a lot of steam without getting too hot too fast. My routine would usually start out with staying as long as I could and my time in the steam room would diminish as my body temperature increased.

On this particular occasion, on my second to last visit, I left the steam room and sat in a resting area where there were televisions with various stations playing sports. As I quietly sat there resting and cooling, the energy surrounding me changed. I felt light and at peace. Simultaneously, as this physical feeling came over me, all the sounds of the televisions

muted and music took over.

The music was heavenly. The sound of this music is nothing that I had ever heard before. I am not classically trained in any genre of music. I am familiar with the most common and have been exposed to pieces of music by the classical masters, such as Mozart, Beethoven, Vivaldi, Rachmaninoff, Tchaikovsky, etc., but this was none of those. The softest and most soothing music of this world falls heavily on the ear in comparison. It sounded more like a harp (maybe)—soothing, melodic. It was timeless, without a beginning and without an end. It was an existence of itself. If you had only one form of music to describe all of music, this would be it.

When stories throughout history have mentioned the angels singing, or the sounds and music of heaven, I believe this is what they were talking about. I had been blessed with an opportunity to hear the sound of heaven.

I have had many extrasensory, paranormal, and/or supernatural experiences in my life. Some I have shared, and some I am sharing for the first time now, and some I will share later; but this particular one was the first of an enlightened or spiritual nature. It was without a doubt real and powerful. Trying to use words to describe it seems only to diminish its substance.



In my Los Angeles apartment steam shower I found myself adjusting the temperature, sometimes reaching temperatures up to 120 degrees or greater. The showers were so hot that the water felt ice-cold. This was a strange sensation—seeing my skin extremely red, and knowing that the scalding hot water was pounding my bare skin. Yet it felt good. It was exhilarating actually, and I was in awe.

One evening I set up my stereo in the bathroom and selected a collection of soothing music by Dido. The echoing of the music made it sound and feel as though I was in a cave. I set the shower and steam going and quickly got in, absorbing all the healing qualities of steam, water, air, and the sound of the music.

While I was basking in the scalding water my sensing of the physical world we live in—began to change. I wasn't floating, but I wasn't aware of my feet being firmly planted on the floor either. While showering I often began with both hands crossing my solar plexus. Then as the therapy progressed, my arms relaxed, along with the rest of my body

and mind, and, finally, my spirit.

It wasn't long into my shower/steam therapy that I had the sensation of something supernatural overtaking me. My arms were lifted, seemingly weightless or as if controlled with strings, and stretched out in a cruciform.

I then it was though my chest was being opened, not unlike you might imagine an open-heart surgery. But it didn't hurt and I wasn't afraid. Then began sensations of knowledge as though my soul was being accessed and exposed. I was wide-open. There was no boundary; no beginning and no end. Simultaneously, I had thoughts—mostly questions. But it wasn't like a conversation that you and I would have. It was more of an understanding.

My participation in this understanding was that of a human being. That is, I responded (in my thoughts) using words as we do when we're thinking. The information I understood was; Did I accept... God and would I be one with the Spirit?

My secular response was Yes. Unquestionably and without hesitation, Yes! As this affirmation was pronounced, the scalding shower water changed to a thick, oil-like texture. It was at this moment that I realized I was being anointed (not knowing what this word really represented, but it came to my mind) and it was crucial, but not with panic, that I covered every part, every inch of my body with this blessed oil-water.

Later, and as my life and spirit grow, I aware that information and experiences are specific to me that I need in order for my providence be realized. I now know that I am in fellowship with God and I have been chosen to be a part of His plan.

Death of a Father; Birth of a Son



I awoke the next day after my anointment, completely healthy and breathing normally as though nothing had happened. My fever and coughing had left me without a trace, as quickly as it had enveloped me like a dark plague.

Putting the pieces of the puzzle together, working backward in time from the incidences that most impressed my memory, I figured that somewhere between January 10 and January 20, 2008 was when I was my sickest.

Sometime around the third week of January I telephoned my mother to check in with the family as usual. I was unaware that during the same period, my father, seventy-eight years old, was admitted to the hospital. He was in a coma, medicated, breathing heavily. All these things had happened to him before, so no one was ready to call it a day—yet.

After the call, I sat in contemplation of my father's impending death. I could feel that it was very near and

wondered, if not knew, that the mysterious illness I had encountered was not somehow related to him. A couple of hours after my initial checking-in with my mother, the telephone rang. It was my mother. As soon as I heard her voice, I knew that my father had died.

Life is strange. I have lived away from my family and birthplace for most of my life with little contact with my siblings, although I've always loved them. They, for the most part, have lived within a few miles of my parents.

Even stranger is why my father, perhaps the only person to whom I have ever devoted so much emotional time and energy by hating him, died and his funeral was on my birthday! I mean I know he didn't choose to, but why the universe chose to take him at this time? Why did he die days before my birthday, and why would my family organize his funeral on my birthday? Couldn't it have waited a day or two longer?

Almost immediately after the death of my father I published a play that I had written about my childhood memories of my parent's marriage entitled; *Perfect Peggy; A Woman's Duty*. Set in rural Canada during the 1950's, its style is minimalistic and has songs that reveal a character's inner dialogue and emotions. The story is about Peggy and George, two sweet-hearts that are going to do things differently. But when right goes wrong where do you go? When good intentions turn into bad deeds who do you turn to? It was *Leave It To Beaver* on television, but this wasn't a television show. At the end of the day it was a woman's duty to stand by her man and live with come what may.

A couple of my brothers had a closer relationship with our father than the others. They were saddened by his death so I

heard...even perhaps shed a tear or two. The rest of us were not moved so much. There were eight of us; six boys and two girls, born in the following order—a girl, three boys, a girl, and three boys. During a conversation with one of my sisters, I remarked and asked if she knew that the funeral was on my birthday. She, without a beat, answered, Oh, happy birthday!

We both chuckled, and went on with the conversation, which didn't last long. We had already hashed and rehashed our disdain toward our father years before, and the happy birthday sentiments summed it all up—once and for all.

We were not a religious family. I recall going to Sunday school once and maybe a church service, once, maybe twice. My father was a Roman Catholic and my mother, a Protestant. The first five children in our family were baptized Catholic, with my two eldest siblings attending Catholic elementary school and a public high school. The three little ones, as my two younger brothers and I were commonly referred to, were baptized Protestant (United) because my father had gotten angry with the Catholic priest.

I didn't really know anything formally about religion, although I'm sure I was influenced by my parents without knowing it because although I didn't go to church in my childhood they did. God was never really talked about. We didn't do nightly prayers to Jesus. I do, however, recall a lot of cursing in the house. A small three-bedroom, which was full with eight kids, two adults, and always at least one cat and one dog, and sometimes a duck or baby chick.

However, without any religious knowledge, other than what I saw on television or heard talk of socially, I was often compelled, after my father's death, to light candles—putting a gold coin underneath—and let them burn down to nothing.

Each night after work, I would come home and light the candles and they would burn all night until I went to work the next day. I was in some sort of trance while this was happening. I worked for days to get the candles in the right place and in the right (symbolic) order.

Without realizing it, I ended up having nine candles; one representing my mother, each of my siblings, and myself. For weeks, the candles burned in the shower/spa area, but they finally ended up in the living room in an altar formation until they burned themselves out.

Mom	
Deb	Mike
John	Jim
Meg	Chris
Gord	Steve

I continued my 3:00 am steam therapy. My desire to listen to gospel music also increased and the shower area had the best acoustics. I began watching evangelical programming (more for spectacle than inspiration).

One time when I was showering, something on the wall caught my eye. It was a line. My eyes followed the line and it began to take shape. I could tell something was there, but I couldn't quite make it out. I shrugged it off to an active imagination, which I have, then finished my shower.

The bathroom area itself must have been eight feet wide by twenty feet long. It was a large room, and as mentioned before, the shower area was partly built, so it seemed, into the side of the mountain. As I stepped outside of the shower to dry off, I looked back into the shower for some reason and

looked for the lines my eyes were tracing while in the shower.

I found the lines and started following them once again. Before I knew it, I had discovered a man's profile. The point I began at was the tip of his nose. I traced up the bridge of his nose to his eye(s), a thick eyebrow, and long forehead. Then I went back to the tip of the nose and found his upper lip, mouth, and chin. This figure was clear as day and measured approximately five feet high and two and a half feet wide.

I lived in this apartment for almost a year. Had this figure always been there? That seemed impossible to me I practically lived in that shower. So how could I have missed something so obvious and so large? And there was more; I couldn't see it yet, but I could sense it.



A Road Less Traveled



After the death of my father, my eldest brother Mike, his wife Margot, and their best friends Beth and Brian decided to vacation in Los Angeles and spend some time with me. I was so excited, yet nervous at the same time because this would be the first time they'd ever visited me on my turf. And it was my eldest brother, my big brother. No matter how old you are, you are always the little brother. I always looked up to and admired him, even if it was from a distance.

My siblings never really knew too much about me since I left home at such a young age, and they in turn had their lives of spouses, careers, children, and the natural challenges of everyday life. Our mother was the communication center in our family, so anything we needed to know about each other was usually through her.

At the end of their vacation, we bid our farewells, and his

come home soon wishes left me more homesick than I had ever been. There has always been a simmering homesickness in me but now it had started to boil. I wasn't happy. I had everything I needed materially but I had no family ties, and that is what I was craving most. For almost twenty-five years, I had lived away from my birthplace. I recall on more than one occasion being so lonely and wanting to move back home, only to hear from my family, There is nothing here for you. What did that mean?

During this stressful period, I once again found myself indulging in more steam therapies. During one, I asked the Universal Divine Intelligence... God if I should go ahead and move back to my home-town. This time I wasn't about to ask anyone's opinion or permission. I had traveled and lived in over thirty cities at various periods in my life—I never asked for anyone's opinion or permission before, so why should I ask now? At that very moment, right next to the temperature gauge that I had used hundreds of times before, clear as day, was the image of a Canadian goose. I couldn't take this sign for anything but to start packing. And I did.

For a long time, I've been drifting without any clear direction of where I am going or why. I've always believed that I was running toward something. People around me asked what I was running from.

It was knowledge and experience that I was running toward. I have always been curious and intrigued about faraway places and faraway people, cultures and customs. Strangely enough, since 1978, several times I have virtually been on the doorstep of homelessness in this pursuit.



At fifteen, I vowed that the day I turned sixteen, I was outta here! And I was. Still in high school, I rented a room in downtown Belleville where I went to high school. Having grown up in the countryside with a population of approximately two hundred people, moving into town with a population of approximately twenty-five thousand was quite a jump.

This first exit from my parent's home was short-lived. During that school year, my final year (1979), a couple of friends, Dave Semark and Greg Cassidy, were headed west to Calgary, Alberta (where all the jobs were) for the summer and invited me to go along. No one had to ask me twice; hell yeah, I was going. I moved back in with my parents to save enough money to buy a plane ticket and have a little cash left over, and off I went. This time, I don't think my parents minded as much that I left home. And thus was the beginning of my wandering as I know it today.

One time around 2004 while waiting for a Greyhound bus to Los Angeles, I took note, to the best of my memory, all the cities I had lived in if ever-so brief. They are, from birth; Corbyville, ON; Belleville, ON; Calgary, AB; Los Angeles, CA; Belleville, ON; Toronto, ON; Houston, TX; Las Vegas,

NV; Los Angeles, CA; Palm Springs, CA; Vancouver, BC; Victoria, BC; White Rock, BC; Calgary, AB; Toronto, ON; Montreal, QC; Quebec City, QC; Ottawa/Hull, ON; Montreal, QC; Calgary, AB; Honolulu, HI; Vancouver, BC; Montreal, QC; Phoenix, AZ; Palm Springs, CA; Los Angeles, CA; Honolulu, HI; Los Angeles, CA; Corbyville, ON; New York City, NY; Palm Springs, CA; Los Angeles, CA; Palm Springs, CA; Burbank, CA; Palm Springs, CA; and once again back to Los Angeles, CA.

I'm tired having typed all the cities I've lived in. Some of these cities, of course, are repeats that I tried to live in several times but didn't like for one reason or another. A couple of my moves lasted only three to six months.

Following one's heart isn't necessarily the best way to make decisions in life—not in this life anyway. This move back home, the move I'd been dreaming about and hoping for most of my life was the most disastrous move I had ever made—bar none. I wanted to move back home my entire life. I never knew why, I thought that once I went back, I would discover what it was I needed. I knew that I would never officially grow up until I had closure to this feeling.

Contemplating yet another move made me reflect on all the other moves and jobs I had before. Everyone I knew would be asking the same old question, Are you crazy? Yet, I had to follow my feelings. If I didn't, I would feel like I was cheating myself.

My subconscious mind has been keeping track of the number of times I was moving and why, but my conscious mind was oblivious and forged ahead without regard. Although my friends and family were always concerned about my safety, when I think about it now, I can't believe I would

hop on a bus or train and go to any city that I had seen on TV or read about that intrigued me. On occasion, I felt compelled to go. More than I would like to think about, I picked up and dropped myself into a new city without knowing a soul, no place to stay, and twenty dollars in my pocket. I have a guardian angel watching over me, and learning for a greater purpose.

In addition to my guardian angel, I have also been blessed with people who allowed me to be me and who always had an open-door policy and a bed for me to rest my head when I was going from place to place. Some of these people are still friends, some are fond memories. Over time and with increasing maturity and wisdom, I realize some of these people were never meant to be friends, but rather instruments for me to fulfill my destiny, as I've been an instrument to fulfill the destiny of others. One must be aware that not everyone we meet will stay part of our lives, but the impression they make might.

Many people and philosophies believe that our destinies are already written; that we already know all the people we need to know in order for these destinies to be fulfilled. I happen to believe this intrinsically, and as I grow older and wiser, I can see how it is working in my life.

It's Hard to Say Good-bye



Moving on maybe the hardest thing we do in life. People like to hang on to things even if they are negative. I am the opposite. I am addicted to saying good-bye. Yet, at the same time, I'm truly sad when I do. Whether it is material items, jobs, or personal relationships, I've sooner or later let them go in order to grow.

The old saying is true; If you love something, set it free...if it comes back, it's yours. If it doesn't, it never was. With its many variations, its essence is crucial to understand and accept. My experience is that my truest friendships have endured situations, distance, and time.

When I pack up, I am forced choose the most important things I will need. I have been perpetually poor in dollars and cents, yet rich in experience. Being poor in money will limit your choices; therefore, one must be discriminating in deciding what is important.

My photos and writings are the most important to me as they chronicle my life; plus, they are the only tangible proof I

will have that I actually existed.

Packing up your belongings to move on is much like packing up the belongings of someone who has died and you're clearing out the closet—for good. It's sad.

I didn't think I would ever be back in the Hollywood area. There was still a world out there to be discovered. Therefore, I was becoming emotional as I packed up to say good-bye.

One afternoon while I was packing up, there was an incredibly loud crash. It sounded like glass shattering so I ran from window to window looking for broken glass. I remained still for a moment, thinking an earthquake was about to happen, but nothing.



I quickly moved around the rest of the apartment looking for anything broken that could have made such a noise. I ended in the bathroom. There was a small three-step case leading up and into the bathroom. I stood at the top and looked in to find in the middle of the bathroom floor a picture of my niece Jenny and her new husband Dave. The

picture originally was placed on a shelf about three and a half feet away with a couple of decorative items and a set of tin X's and O's in front of it.

The source of the sound of the crash was the X's and O's and the picture landing on the floor. But how could they have been flung so far from the shelf? As I looked up and around

my attention was drawn to a figure on the wall.

What I saw was a woman's pregnant belly. The energy of the room made the message undeniable. My attention was then drawn down to my niece's picture and I immediately



knew that she was pregnant. They were newly married—not even a year before—so it was possible.

As I usually do regarding family matters, I called my mother right away to find out (or announce) the possibility of my niece's pregnancy. She answered and we began with small talk although I wanted to jump right into why I called.

Eventually, I got to the real reason of the call and asked how Jenny and Dave were getting along as newlyweds. My mother always responds to questions in the positive. She doesn't like to share bad or negative news so I had to dig a little deeper with the questions. Finally, we got to the point where my mother tells me that my niece, newly married under a year, was going on a separate vacation with her girlfriends to the Caribbean.

I was shocked. What, a separate vacation...already? Were there problems or is this how the new generation operates in their marriages? Well, as it turns out, she had already made the vacation plans and her husband, Dave, was okay with it.

I told my mother about the picture and knick-knacks being flung off the wall and the appearance of what I believed to be a pregnant woman's belly.

My mother disagreed, telling me that they had recently purchased a home and there was no way they could afford a

baby, number one; and number two, they weren't ready. I questioned her for a few minutes more because for me, the image and impression I was feeling was so strong. I would have bet my life she was pregnant.

Not wanting to insult my mother by disagreeing with her, I acquiesced and, instead, my thoughts changed to maybe they were going to split up. This could be what I was seeing. The picture and X's and O's, which represent hugs and kisses, were flung across the room all over the floor AND my niece was going on a separate vacation when she was newly married. Maybe I misread the message and it was a break-up on the horizon and not a baby—although my intuition was screaming otherwise.

We ended the conversation. I picked up the pieces, examining them, the distance they were flung, and the apparition on the wall. What did it all really mean? Why did it happen now when I was packing up to go home? I should have called my niece directly, but who knows, maybe she was busy and wouldn't have been able to talk anyway.

The next few weeks were fairly calm and nothing extraordinary that I can recall happened. I was busy at work trying to find a replacement for my position as well as making sure that all the i's were dotted and t's were crossed.

Finally, my job was finished and so was my packing. All the important belongings had been packed up, boxed, and mailed back home. In all my moves, and there have been many, I could always count on the United States Postal Service to take care of my stuff. I love them!

So now that was done, the only thing left were my good-byes. Strangely, I had become quite attached to the apartment and all its apparitions that I will tell more about in later

chapters. Believing that I would never be back, I took an early morning stroll around the neighborhood to take in its unique surroundings. I wanted to memorialize the feelings I was experiencing.

I went back home and began to load up my car. I owned a small two-seater convertible, so there wasn't much room for anything except a small suitcase and a couple of bags. The car was loaded and it was time to take a final walk around the apartment and make sure everything was in order.

Emotions were high walking through the apartment and I got a lump in my throat as I thought of all the things I had experienced and learned in this unique apartment. I spent a little more time in the bathroom, having been enlightened, amazed, intrigued, and motivated by the images appearing on its walls. I knew they were there for me to see for a reason. I had to figure out what that reason was. But, at the moment, my only thought was getting in my car and hitting the road.

As I was leaving the bathroom, I took one look back and saw the final and indisputable proof that these images were, to the last minute, communicating with me.

On the shelf, exactly where the picture of my niece and nephew had sat, which I looked at daily, was a sad face. It expressed exactly how I was feeling about leaving and, perhaps, how they were feeling about me leaving.



I would have lots of time to reflect on my life over the next few days. I closed all the doors and climbed three stories up to my car. I secured myself in the car attaching my seat belt, took a deep breath, and off I went.

I was so nervous. My dream of going home and becoming a daily part of my family's life was days away. After a few decades of hearing, 'There is nothing here for you here. I would find out for myself and on my terms.

After forty years of living my life due to the influences and actions of my father would I finally be able to live my life under my own control? I had faith this trip would once and for all put to rest uneasy feelings I had and be therapeutic for me. Would it answer questions of why I am so different than my siblings or add fuel to the fire of an identity crisis that I had been struggling with my entire life.

An Unlikely Monad



During the drive home after the death of my father, I couldn't help but wonder what made me so different than my siblings. It wasn't the first time I questioned myself about this, but now I had uninterrupted time to think about it. I had surely come up with something.

I've referred to myself, on more than one occasion, when asked about my family, that I was the only child of eight, because that is how I often felt. My siblings have all had long careers, family, homes, and for the most part stayed relatively close to my parents. I recently read a statistic where half of all (North) Americans live within fifty miles of their birthplace, where I, on the other hand, have barely stayed in one place for more than a year.

Some of my jobs have taken me from one city to the next. I worked as an executive assistant for a high-profile Canadian who designed women's clothing. We would travel between Toronto, the Bahamas, Los Angeles, and Winnipeg. Once, while in Los Angeles on a business trip, I literally escaped in the middle of the night by hopping on a red-eye flight back to

Toronto.

Early in the new millennium without a clue what to do I decided to visit Montreal. It's a city, along with Quebec City, where I've always wanted to go. However, if I wasn't fluent in French, I could never get a job good enough to support myself, as well the Quebec separatists weren't the friendliest to anyone English moving in.

I wanted and needed a greater challenge than a job or career. I wanted to find a people connection. There has never been a challenge for me in business because a business has no heart or soul. It has struck me as rather odd that many people in this world marvel at successful business people and give them great respect for their accomplishments. I'm not sure if all successful business people deserve such accolades.

The opportunity I found in Montreal was living and working in the YMCA on Stanley Street. The downtown YMCA was mostly English. I was able to arrange accommodations and French lessons in exchange for some volunteer work. Since I had no money and no place to live, and furthermore I didn't know anyone in Montreal, this was an ideal situation.

The Y, as the regulars referred to it, is quite a remarkable organization. I had no contact or interaction with the association before this time. Of course, I had heard of the YMCA, but never visited or knew of them besides their name.

The downtown location of the YMCA had the traditional gym and exercise room, but in addition to this location, it had a 300-room hotel which was available for people who couldn't afford an apartment, international travelers (similar to a hostel), a refugee center, and a halfway house for people coming out of prison and re-entering society. It was also a

language school. Imagine the environment with all these groups under the same roof. I met some interesting characters, some of whom are still friends many years later. When I find a friend it is most likely forever even if we speak once every few years. Gerry Chluda, Betty Fraser and Mary Moretto are exceptional when it comes to long distance friendships.

Thinking about Montreal I recall one person I met who I lived with a couple of times, Roger DuBois, and who as a good friend always extended a warm welcome. We are much older now, (I first met him in the 1990's and now was 2003), but not necessarily wiser. I was about forty years old and I was still bouncing around looking for my rhythm. Although I thought about it at the time, now that I'm writing about it, forty is kind of old to be bouncing around like I was. But that's the way it was. Should I have stayed put somewhere and been miserable or should I have gone out and found my way—the right way?

On this visit to Montreal, I was traveling from Vancouver. It was in the new millennium; I had a rather busy eighteen to twenty-four months prior, selling my theater company, bouncing from city to city.



This time round I found an opportunity as a live-in night clerk at a small bed & breakfast with fourteen rooms. The owners were looking for someone who would live on the

premises and be around in case of an emergency. It was an ideal situation where I could live and eat (breakfast), all at no cost, and then find some day work for some pocket money. I had a couple of creative ideas and thought this living arrangement would also help me achieve these goals. During this time, I was able to create a short film and two infodocumentaries, both of which are now part of The National Library of Canada.

There was lots of time to think. I had virtually no responsibility except to live—and that I did. I met a lot of new people from all over the world and learned a second language.

Many of us are too often guilty of being blind to what is going on around us due to our busy-ness. This would not be my challenge now. I had so much time on my hands I started to become acutely aware of my surroundings physically—and esoterically. I was becoming more understanding of myself and of traits that I'd always possessed but had ignored. I had always been intuitive, but denied it. I can remember since a child, I would know things about people and situations that I probably shouldn't have known, and it got me into trouble.

Often, in early evenings, I would take a walk along Saint Catherine Street. During this time at the bed-and-breakfast, I would often be awakened and or have a relentless feeling to go downstairs and outside the hotel. Inevitably, there would be someone needing assistance of some sort.

One evening during my walk home, all of a sudden, my surroundings changed. There was an eerie feeling all around me and visually, a slow dark shadow began to cover the streets. There were a fair number of people along the streets this evening. At one moment, everything was normal, and

then this dark shadow seemed to blanket the area.

I slowed my pace. Usually, I walk quickly and with purpose. My pace, to me, was normal; however, I can recall while living in Hawaii I was once walking to my car when an elderly gentleman around eighty years of age literally stepped in front of my path and said, Slow down, young man; no need to rush. This man gave me good and friendly advice. Good advice for Hawaii, probably, but not for New York.

My pace was slowed by my observations. What I was witnessing was more like a slow-motion old black-and-white movie rather than real-life Technicolor. Not black and white, more similar to shades of grey. And most of the people became cardboard cutout images of themselves. They were one-dimensional, flat, black cardboard image of themselves, or their true selves. I shrugged it off and went home to continue with my daily busy-ness.

The next morning, I awoke and started my day as usual. Shortly into the day, I called my mother, as I have done most of my life on a regular basis to see what was going on with everyone. It was a sad phone call that day. Auntie Margaret had died.

When my mother shared the news with me, I experienced yet another feeling of *déjà-vu*. An experience that I had almost forgotten about or barely stored in my memory banks yet came back to me immediately upon hearing this horrible news. Something visceral happened. We hung up the phone and I cried.

Crying is good no matter what anyone says, no matter how butch or indestructible you think you are. Crying is good and only a real man (or woman) is able to perform this feat and survive. But once you do, you'll find that you're better off.

The next time you need to cry, it will be difficult, but you'll be better off after that as well.

After digesting the bad news, I had an epiphany of sorts. I realized the feeling and experience I had the night before was similar to, but not as exceptional as one that I had when Uncle Steve (Auntie Margaret's husband) died a few years earlier.

I had visited Auntie Margaret (and thought of her) while she was in the assisted living residence. She was so funny. Suffering from mild Alzheimer's disease, she still seemed to be true to herself as I knew her, until her passing.

When I was finally able to put the feelings and thoughts together, I called my mother. (In my family we always call our mother.) My relationship with my mother has been like no other. She allows all her children to be open and honest and share whatever feelings with her without fear of judgment or reproach. I asked my mother whether she remembered receiving a call from me when Uncle Steve died regarding my (surreal) feelings and/or experience. She couldn't.

The important thing was that I remembered. I was completely satisfied with the knowledge and experience of the passing of both Auntie Margaret and Uncle Steve to be related to the esoteric knowledge that there is a greater force that we are a part of and return to after we leave earth.

Where, Oh, Where Has Billy Gone?



I was born William David Graham; they called me Billy—Billy Graham. Yep, that's right. I am the sixth child of eight. There are six boys and two girls; a girl, three boys, a girl and three boys; Debbie, Michael, Johnny, Jimmy, Mary Ellen, Billy, Gordon and Steven. We all had this memorized and used to be challenged on who could say it the quickest.

Some readers may remember that during most of the twentieth century there was a famous Christian evangelist by the name of Billy Graham. Obviously there was little mercy when it came to the teasing I received from some classmates with such a name.

Now, many years later, I was returning home as Christopher Barron. Many of my siblings' friends didn't know they had another brother—i.e. me. This was going to be

interesting to see how they would explain a brother that their friends had never heard of, and more so, a brother with a different family name. I was also meeting nieces and nephews who were in their twenties for the first time that I had never met - very strange feeling.

For years, and perhaps most of my life, I can only remember hating my father. He was an alcoholic, addicted to prescription drugs, a wife beater, absent emotionally, and physically abusive to his children. Therefore, it shouldn't be any wonder why I wouldn't want his name. On several occasions I tried to make peace with him but I was always disappointed by his lack of character. I do thank... God that before his death, I did make peace, at least with myself, about him.

In 1989, I spent some time in Vancouver, BC. I was twenty-seven years old; an age when I should have been more emotionally mature than I was. But my head was in the clouds, or so I was told so many times by people, including tarot card readers and psychics. I daydreamed constantly about how good life could be and the abundance of opportunities I had already experienced and those that I could and would still experience. Rarely, if ever, had I any thought of negativity, jealousy, deceit, or malice with regards to others. I made a promise early in my life not to hold future encounters and relationships responsible for the wrongs others had committed before them.

With only a couple of bucks in my pocket, I found a room for rent near the corner of Granville and Davie Streets. It was not the most enviable corner to be on, yet the owners of this small hotel were nice and the place was impeccably clean, which was more than I can say about the sidewalks in that neighborhood.

Now that I was in Vancouver, what was I going to do with myself? Well, there was one burning quest that I had and now was a perfect time to do it. Since I could remember—and I can remember a long way back—I had always hated that name given to me at birth. I finally reached the point where I could no longer be associated with his (my father's) name.

Astrology, numerology, and other mysticisms had interested me so I went to the library and bookstores and researched information on names and their meanings, especially using numerology.

This was the perfect time to change my name because I didn't know anyone in the city. I had no history there. It took a month or so to decide on the name. I had to practice or test out the name by signing it as well. If it didn't feel comfortable by signing, then I passed on the name. I finally decided on the name Christopher Barron. I can't really remember why. I can remember, however, that when I used it as my signature it felt natural and a part of me. One thing that did not cross my mind, however, was the fact that I had a nephew named Christopher. That shows how removed I was from my own family at the time, for if I had remembered my nephew, I probably wouldn't have chosen the name Christopher. But I am happy with my choice of name. 'Tis I and I Is Me.

After the task of changing my name was taken care of, I found a roommate situation with a guy who was taking a course in radio and television broadcasting. Having spent a number of years working at a business management firm in the entertainment industry in Beverly Hills, I thought it would be fun to be on the other side of the camera.

You rarely know where your actions are going to take you

in life. Very soon after changing my name I was in a social situation where everyone gathered only knew me by my new name Chris Barron. As party conversations often go many people are talking at once. In this situation someone was trying to get my attention by calling my name; Chris. Finally after three or four times of calling me I realized they were talking to me. After so many years of hearing Bill, it didn't occur to me to answer to Chris. It, of course, was an internal funny that only I was aware, and one that still makes me chuckle today. Private jokes are usually the funniest.

Radio and television broadcasting seemed to be an interesting and varied vocation to pursue. Variety is important in my life as I learn quickly and get bored just as easily. I attended probably eighty percent of the course; then I felt that I had learned enough to go out and give it a try. One thing that I learned early on in school and work, or life in general, was that most of our time is spent waiting. When I was at school and work, I spent most of my time waiting. I don't know what other people were doing. They seemed to be working or studying really hard, but, really were they only daydreaming? What took others hours, two months, or years, took me much less time. Because of this, I ended up quitting and taking what I learned and hitting the streets armed with my new-found knowledge.

I soon tired of living in a second room of someone-else's apartment. I've always had sensitive hearing and prefer silence to man-made noise. There I was looking for yet another move.

My favorite aunt and uncle (Auntie Margaret and Uncle Steve) had retired a couple of years earlier to Victoria, British Columbia, located on Vancouver Island. As a young teenager, I worked for Uncle Steve doing yard work and any other type

of work to earn spending money. I can attribute much of my good work ethics and attention to detail and a job well done thanks to him. Auntie Margaret had a wonderful sense of humor and she always spoke what was on her mind, a genetic trait that I share.

Auntie Margaret was my mother's aunt—my grandmother's sister. She was ingenious, like my mother, on how to get people to do things. She worked her entire career as a telephone operator and manager at Bell Canada and was proud of it. I remember being in primary school, and she would tour all the schools with a portable telephone system and teach proper telephone etiquette. I was so proud that it was my aunt with such an important job. Perhaps, Apple, Verizon, AT&T, and the host of other telecommunication companies who are earning billions of dollars from consumers today should invest in our youth culture and implement a similar etiquette course on how and when to use their portable communication devices.

One amusing incident I had while growing up with Auntie Margaret and Uncle Steve took place during the summer. I was cutting the lawn and pulling weeds. In order to motivate me to pick as many weeds as possible from the yard, Auntie Margaret sent me on a task to pick as many dandelions as I could because she used them to make jelly. The dutiful youth I was, I set out to gather each and every dandelion on the property—and it was a large property—so we would have lots of jelly.

Bucket after bucket arrived in the kitchen, full of dandelions. Auntie Margaret would thank me and assure me that they would make the best jelly ever. Sure enough, the timing was perfect - as I was finished picking all the weeds

(especially the dandelions), lunch was ready and so was the jelly. Auntie Margaret, in addition to being a career woman was a magician in the kitchen. We sat down and had a wonderful lunch with the best-tasting jelly ever made from the dandelions that I supplied. She made me feel proud for a job well done.

It wasn't until years later that I realized she probably had not made the jelly from the dandelions. Some say you can make jelly from dandelion petals but it doesn't really matter. What matters is they took the time to mold a young mind and soul to do a good job and be proud of it. We did have jelly sandwiches and they were good. I was thanked (and paid) for a good day's work. And I got time to develop a positive bond that has lasted a lifetime.

Auntie Margaret and Uncle Steve lived in a big house in Victoria; they were alone out there. Uncle Steve loved it, but Auntie Margaret, I believe, would have preferred to be back in Corbyville closer to her family. But Uncle Steve was her number-one priority and whatever he wanted was her purpose in life.

Since I had a good history with them and they were alone, I decided to call them and ask if I could visit and maybe move to Victoria. Thankfully, I received a positive and enthusiastic yes. They had a large home with three or four bedrooms—lots of space and I would not necessarily be a burden. I was careful not to be a burden or to overstay my welcome.

While living there, I became a teenager again, helping out around the house and yard work. Uncle Steve hadn't changed a bit over twenty years. He remained gruff and rough around the edges; it seemed like he yelled a lot and nothing was ever good enough. But as with many older male figures in our

lives, this was the exterior—the inside was soft and sensitive. It was his way to show his love and he wanted me to learn lessons that would help me in the future. He knew he wouldn't be around forever and someday I would need the skills to make it on my own.

Auntie Margaret was the same, but a little softer. She had only one child who didn't come around much. Her love and joy was looking after the men in her life. She made me feel welcome and she was also happy to have another body around to care for. She loved youth and was youthful at heart herself until the day she passed. Although they had the best of everything and some things were quite expensive, she let me know when that things in her house were meant to be used, not for decoration.

They ended up moving back to Corbyville after Auntie Margaret started to exhibit signs of Alzheimer's disease. When they did go home, Uncle Steve was diagnosed with liver disease and he passed within a few months. During his painful last few months, he was busy making arrangements for Auntie Margaret's care, of which my mother was a significant part.

I can still vividly recall the first day that she exhibited behavior that might be considered the onset of Alzheimer's. I had gone to visit them as I did regularly, but only this time when I entered the house there was a problem.

When I arrived I didn't get the same welcome as I was used to. This time Auntie Margaret appeared to be lost with a blank look in her eyes. She was very friendly and polite but it was like she was talking to me as though I was a stranger.

Apparently she was like this for a few minutes before I arrived. Uncle Steve was ill-at-ease and didn't know what to

do. After a question or two and some observation of Auntie Margaret's behavior, a very quick decision was made to call an ambulance immediately. Within minutes the paramedics and firemen were at the house.

Auntie Margaret may have stood 5'4" – a little Scottish woman with a 6'8" personality. She was sitting in a chair when about eight to ten big strong men stormed in and surrounded her. She looked like a little girl surrounded by these figures of strength and support. The lead paramedic started her asking questions; What's your name? Where do you live? How old are you? - when she seemed to snap back to normal and quipped an adorable musing of how lucky she was to be surrounded by such good looking boys and how dare they ask such a question. (boys in their mid-late thirties as she was in her seventies.) Auntie Margaret always had an affinity for dancing and good-looking men.

I talked to Uncle Steve often after their return to Corbyville. He would downplay his illness as to an inconvenience rather than terminal. His sole concern was that Auntie Margaret would be properly cared for in his absence. I remember asking him if I should come home and he said no. He died shortly thereafter.

The Coming Home



The coming home after twenty-five long years in the making to Corbyville was at minimum, interesting and unexpectedly disappointing, and at best, reaffirmed that there was, indeed, nothing there for me.

There are some of us who leave home at such a young age and carry unanswered questions of belonging for decades. Those who remain are able to reconcile issues, but for those of us who move out, sometimes, it takes a lifetime, if at all to repair damage or get answers.

I was also curious whether or not the supernatural things that I was experiencing would continue to happen when I was home for the summer. Or were they some sort of unconscious manifestations I was experiencing because of my longing to go home?

One sunny afternoon, I was sitting in the living room with my mother and one of my nephews who practically lived at my parent's home. We were sharing stories of present and past when my niece, Jenny, and her husband, Dave, came into

the house. They sat down and joined in the conversation. While my mother was storytelling, my attention was drawn to Jenny. I didn't know what it was about her demeanor, but I knew that she had something on her mind. My attention was focused so much on her that I don't remember what my mother was talking about.

I recall when my mother was finished, Jenny perked up and said, Well, I've got some news. At that very instant, I knew what the news was going to be. My mother, the matriarch, is always ready to listen; good, bad or ugly. We all sat there waiting for the news. Grinning from ear to ear, Jenny announced that she and Dave were expecting a baby—she was pregnant!

We were all so excited, especially my mother. Having had eight of her own, grandchildren and several great-grandchildren, there was always room for another baby. Jenny proceeded to tell all the details of going to the doctor, getting the news, and wanting to wait until they were one hundred percent sure before they told anyone.

As she was telling the details of her tests, my mind was reeling in the fact that I had predicted, while still living in Hollywood Hills, her pregnancy. When she finished, I drilled her on details of how many weeks pregnant she was and when she first felt she was pregnant. My mother had forgotten about me calling her when the picture of Jenny and Dave and the X's and O's had been flung from the shelf in my home and the image of the woman's pregnant belly on the wall.

It was around the last week of July or early August and Jenny was about seven weeks pregnant when she announced the news that summer afternoon. I left Hollywood Hills on

June 18, 2008. The appearance of the pregnant belly happened a day or two before I left. Taking everything into consideration, I calculated and amused everyone by saying I knew the exact time Dave's sperm had impregnated Jenny's egg. The timing is perfect and indeed the flying of the picture from the shelf and the appearance of the pregnant belly did foretell my niece's pregnancy.

To this day, I am amazed by the sequence of events that predicted the arrival of my great-nephew - Wyatt.

During this time I toyed with the idea that I might move back permanently. Although superficially that is what I was saying, internally, I knew it wasn't going to happen. After all those years of self-torment my family was right—there wasn't anything there for me. But lessons must be learned by the student.

In the meantime, until I figured out what I was going to do, I would spend time with my sister, Meg (Mary Ellen), and her husband, Steve.

On yet another hot summer afternoon, I was in the living room when one of my older brothers arrived. We were chatting about nothing, when out of the blue he shared a story with me about something that had happened to him in his youth. I remembered a few details about this, but not many.

When he was about nineteen years old, he was a driver for a company that hauled dirt and construction material. Big heavy trucks with loads in the tons, I imagine. One day while driving, an accident happened in which his truck struck an old man and the man died. I never really knew any more than that, and that my parents were greatly worried that my brother might have to go to jail because of the accident.

In the living room that afternoon, some thirty-plus years

after the accident, my brother shared with me a question that had been bothering him all these years. It seems the day of his court hearing my grandfather accompanied him and sat in the back of the court room. During the ride to the courthouse and after the hearing and during the return home, there was no discussion about why my grandfather escorted my brother.

In the end, my brother was not convicted of any crime and the accident was just that—an accident. It was a tragedy, but tragedies happen every day and lessons need to be learned from them so they don't happen again needlessly.

My brother had surmised that because our grandfather and the judge were Masons, that through some sort of brotherhood conspiracy, the case had been dropped or whatever the legal ending was, and that is why he was not convicted of any crime. It was an interesting theory and people love conspiracy theories. I had little opinion since I was too young to remember the details of the events. My family, my mother in particular, was good at keeping things, especially negative influences, away from the children.

Out of sight, out of mind philosophy; I felt this philosophy often over the years, having lived most of my life, and especially my formative young adult years (i.e., my twenties), away from my family and in a different country. I was out of sight, therefore out of mind.

The next day, I met my sister, Meg, and brother-in-law, Steve, at the golf course. They would spend most of their summer days golfing. They were the first husband/wife club champions at Trillium Wood Golf Club, and perhaps in the province and the country.

I joined them afterward for a beer (another great Canadian pastime). Nothing tastes better on a hot muggy day than an

ice-cold beer. At the table was, Meg, Steve, Steve's brother, Richard, another young guy, and an older man who appeared to be in his mid to late eighties.

My sister introduced me to everyone and I sat beside the old man whose name was Jim Koresh. He worked at the golf course as an umpire, golf referee, and all-around mentor and friend to everyone. We had an immediate bond as he took a great liking and interest in me, as I did in him.

During our conversation, he shared much of his highlighted life. He knew my grandfather and he shared a very important story with me during our first and only encounter.

At about nineteen years old, my grandfather started his career as a driver delivering liquor into the city of Belleville. Jim was a young boy of about sixteen and worked with my grandfather.

One day when they were leaving the distillery, an old man stepped in front of the delivery truck, which was heavily loaded with alcohol, making it slow-moving and also slow to stop. The old man was struck by the truck and killed. Jim continued to tell me how upset my grandfather was, of course, and elaborated somewhat on the town's reaction, which was sympathetic to both the old man and to my grandfather, a young teenager at the time.

As Jim was telling me this story, I realized I was being given the answer to my brother's question about why my grandfather had accompanied him to the courthouse when my brother was nineteen years old and had hit the old man jetting into the street without notice.

It was my grandfather's way of supporting his grandson on a very personal level, having experienced the exact same traumatic experience at the exact same age. The older

generation, and maybe still today, in my experience, express their love in action and not so much in words. Rarely would you hear the words I love you. However, actions of love were shown all the time.

I was dumbfounded at the timing of this story. Why would my brother, out of the blue, tell me the story of going to court with our grandfather, and the next day, a stranger would tell me a story that was completely relevant to an unanswered and obvious bothersome question posed just the day before?

Jim had been acquainted with my sister for years. Why did he choose to tell me this story on this day - our first meeting? He could have recounted this story to Meg on many occasions. Coincidence? I don't think so.

Of course, I could hardly wait to share this information with my brother. He would have an answer to his decades-old mystery. When I returned to my parents' home, I told the story to my mother. She has always had a sixth sense as well and caught on to the significance immediately. She was also surprised about the story, because at seventy-three years of age, she had never heard this tale.

I didn't share the part of the story about my brother's question. I am loyal and discreet when sharing information that others have shared with me. I waited until I was alone to speak to my brother and shared the story that Jim had shared with me.

When I told my brother of the events of the accident that happened to our grandfather at the same age, which was probably the reason he had accompanied him to the courthouse that day in question, my brother's response was one of disinterest.

He obviously, after decades, was married to the conspiracy theory. This encounter taught me something about people that I hadn't previously considered; Just because you are family doesn't mean that you are alike.

It was clear to me that I was being used as a messenger, as I had been many times in my life. And as usual, the message fell on deaf ears. These few encounters illustrate only a millisecond of time in the information flow through the universe and how if the receiver isn't able to catch the signal, then the message falls dead and is rendered useless—for the moment anyway. And then history repeats itself?

I recall as a young boy my grandfather from my mother's side, Ralph (truck driver), while I was running around doing whatever it was I was doing, said to me, No matter where your travels take you, the roads will always lead home. At the time I thought he was talking about physically coming home to live, but now, I realize he meant something else.

I was probably closer to him than most. Now, as an adult, I believe he meant that by coming home, one reconciles his or her spirit. Coming home, one gets comfortable in his or her own skin and there is an emotional, physical, mental, and spiritual balance.

What did I learn about my supernatural experiences continuing? I am a messenger for those in need of a message. Whether they know it or not. So please don't shoot the messenger.

The Long Road Ahead



If you've never taken a long road trip alone, I highly recommend it. It is therapeutic and self-realizing. You never know what's going to happen. But unlike me, do a little research on what lies between point A and point B and make sure you have water, a spare tire, and the necessary equipment to help you in case you have a breakdown or emergency. I've operated that way but in retrospect, it was only by God's grace that I've miraculously made it through my adventures relatively unscathed.

One summer in 2005, I drove from Littleton, Co, to Hollywood, Ca. WikiAnswers says it should take about sixteen hours to drive, with some 1,020 miles between the two cities. On an empty stomach and three or four Red Bulls, I made it in about twelve hours, also stopping to pick up someone who was walking on the highway in the middle of nowhere.

Much of the distance between Colorado and California is only highway for as far as the eye can see, without any

establishments for gas, water, food, or any other necessities. So if you break down and you're not prepared, you are—well, for a lack of a more sophisticated way of putting it—SOL.

Nonetheless, when I get something in my mind, I act. Thought comes after action in my world. I had to go to Los Angeles, and with that thought, I jumped into an old Honda Civic that I had purchased from a friend, and off I went.

I was a few hours outside of Las Vegas, when I could see a dot on the right side of the road about a mile ahead. I don't know if it was part of my intuition or if it was possible to tell if it was a person on the side of the road but that's what I was thinking. At the same time, I was thinking how it would be impossible that a person would be walking in this isolated part of the country.

It had been a while since I had seen any car on the road or any other sign of life, including birds—especially vultures. I thought it would be incredible if there was actually a person walking on the side of the road. As I approached the shadowy figure, traveling at about eighty miles per hour, it was indeed someone walking in the blistering heat and scorching sun.

My instincts reacted quickly; I knew as I approached that I could not just pass a human being and leave him or her stranded in the middle of nowhere. I took my foot off the gas and the car slowed to the speed limit as I tried to get a look at this person in the rear view mirror and make a quick decision; is it male or female, friend or foe, good or evil... should I stop or not?

The car took about a quarter of a mile or so for me to come to a complete stop. I waited for a reaction before I made up my mind what to do. The person continued to walk as he had been. I decided to back up and to figure out what was up.

For some reason, I thought it would be an older vagrant male; prejudicial perhaps, but not judgmental. As I drew closer, I saw that it was a male in his late twenties of Hispanic descent carrying a small water bottle. I stopped the car a few yards in front of him and he came to the window and said hello. When I saw his face and looked in his eyes, he was not threatening so I asked him if he wanted a ride.

I could tell by his look and demeanor that he was as nervous about getting into the car as I was about him getting into the car. Well, maybe *nervous* isn't the right word, but we were both aware of the dangers of letting strangers into your car and getting into cars with strangers. But I invited him and he did get into the car. There really wasn't much of a choice on his part; he was literally in the middle of nowhere, at high noon, in the sweltering heat. and in all probability, he wouldn't have made it through the afternoon if he had not accepted the ride.

We traveled the first few miles in silence. It was obvious that he had been on the road for a number of days but the most concerning part of this situation up close was the water bottle he was carrying. It was a small bottle with about an inch of dirty water in it. Who knows where and how long he had this water and it was all he had. I told him to relax and rest for a while. He put the seat back and fell asleep.

As he slept, I took time to observe his condition. His clothes were dirty as well as his skin. It was clear that he hadn't bathed for a number of days and he looked physically and emotionally exhausted. About an hour into the drive, he woke up. He seemed shy and timid as he put the seat up and looked around to get his bearings.

I waited for him speak first. He asked me how long he was

asleep and where we were. I told him about an hour and we were heading toward Las Vegas and should arrive in about an hour and a half. He didn't respond.

I started to ask how he was feeling, but I didn't want to be intrusive. I had fresh water in the back and offered him some. He gratefully accepted and gulped down a bunch. He looked fairly dehydrated.

It turned out that he was a Mexican-American who lived in the Santa Barbara area. He was recently divorced with a couple of kids. He had no work, no money, and he was unhappy about his life. One day, he decided to board a freight train south toward Mexico. He didn't know exactly where he was going or what he was going to do. He wanted to escape his current situation. He needed time to himself to think about his life.

Although there were many sad elements to his story, the saddest part of his escape plan (other than the need to escape) was that the train he thought was going south toward Mexico was actually headed east/northeast toward Denver, Colorado.

After traveling for two days eastward, the train stopped and he was found by an employee who evicted him in the middle of nowhere. He was stranded with no money, nothing to eat or drink, and no change of clothes. He managed to find the highway and began his pilgrimage home.

Fast-forward twenty-four hours; after a cold night (sometimes the temperature in the desert drops forty or fifty degrees during the night) and a blistering day I came along, found him, and picked him up.

I sensed he was a gentle soul, soft-spoken; he gave no indication that he was or would be trouble. With all his immediate needs, he did not once ask for anything, not even

fresh water when it was clear he needed some.

I am most impressed with modesty and politeness—especially given the current society that we live in and the entitlement most people demand some. People refuse to accept that there are no rights in this life; at best, we have only privileges.

As we approached Las Vegas, I also was tiring. I suggested I could get a cheap room and we could rest for a couple of hours. In addition, his body odor was so bad I could not stand the confinement of the car with windows lowered, for much longer.

I wanted him to feel at ease at the same time. I disagree with the actions of many people who have the power and exercise it on the weaker or needy for their personal gain. I knew he had no money but I didn't want him to feel uncomfortable or obligated.

I got a room with two double beds. While I took a shower, he ran down to the laundry room and put his clothes in the washing machine. When I finished, he took his shower and finished his laundry. It was still before noon so we could rest for a couple of hours and still make it into Los Angeles at a reasonable hour.

After a couple of hours, we got up and loaded the car. I was impressed by his willingness to jump in and help with the bags. In no time, we were back on the highway and headed home. There wasn't much conversation that I can remember and time passed quickly.

Although normally I like to travel alone it's sometimes nice to have a companion with you who compliments the situation.

As we arrived in Hollywood, I asked him where he wanted

me to drop him off. He didn't know because he didn't have any money and he wasn't sure whether he wanted off in Hollywood or maybe closer to the Pacific Coast Highway where he could start walking up the coast to Santa Barbara, and hopefully someone like me might stop and give him a lift.

I wouldn't be able to sleep knowing that someone was penniless, with no food or water, and many miles from home. Being nearly in the same place myself, I was more empathetic than most, I guess. But I also took time to look around.

I remembered that I had a return bus ticket from Los Angeles to Palm Springs that I hadn't used. I told him that we could go to the bus station and, possibly, he could cash in the unused ticket and buy a one-way ticket to Santa Barbara. He modestly accepted my offer - he really didn't have much of a choice. The alternative wasn't acceptable because he was exhausted from his previous three- or four-day escapade.

We went into the bus station downtown Hollywood and asked if the ticket could be traded in for a ticket to Santa Barbara. It could. We were both relieved. I was mulling in the back of my mind that if it couldn't be used, I would ask my friend I was going to visit to help him out, but I really didn't want to do that.

He got his ticket and he was all set to go home. There was another two hours before his bus would depart but it was set. As we were saying our good-byes, I remembered the feeling of sitting in the Phoenix bus station all by myself just a couple of years previously. I was all alone with no money and an unpredictable and unstable future. I reached in my pocket and I took out ten dollars and gave it to him. Many believe this action is stupid, but I have done it on a few occasions in my life for those whom I believe needed the money more than I

(at that moment). He was taken aback by the gesture. He did not know it was my last dollar, and it didn't matter. With great modesty, he took off a yellow rubber wristband. As he offered it to me, he told me he did not have anything in life but the yellow wristband, but he wanted me to have it as a symbol of thanks and friendship.

These types of gestures are priceless. I accepted it and wore it for almost a year without removing it. Many people who saw this simple rubber yellow wristband remarked on it. It had some sort of positive energy because the remarks were always that they liked it and wanted to know more about it. But it was a simple nondescript rubber yellow wristband. We shook hands and I went on my way. I never saw him again.

When You Don't Know Where You're Going, Any Road Will Get You There



My answers were not to be found in the town where I grew up, and my family still lives. Within days of realizing this, I was packed and headed for New York. Tears were shed by my mother when I departed. Perhaps it's my insecurity, but I truly didn't understand why she cried.

My quest for self-discovery continues. I search for answers from society's authorities, such as a church or university or some sort of helpline. They say they want to help and you ask for help, when you call them they don't respond.

On the road again, homeless with barely a dime in my pocket I am thankful to my big sister Meg who was there for me emotionally and financially. I was headed to a city that I had not been to before, no friends, no family, no job – the Big Apple, New York City.

I was craving cohesiveness and a place to hide out. I was

emotionally spent – broke! I didn't choose New York City — it was the only place I had to go. Thank the stars above for my friend Jane who had an apartment where I could find refuge.

Always the ultimate optimist, I arrived in New York City ready, willing, and able to be successful; but little did I know the universe had different plans for me – for everyone. The great recession of 2008 hit, and it hit hard! Within days of my arrival there were tens of thousands of people across the country losing their careers and homes – daily! In a flash, everyone's futures were in the tank.

I've said it before and I'll say it again; there is absolutely nothing finer and more important than friendship in life. Regardless of anything else, including the fresh air, clean water, and the food that we eat - would they really be without a true friend to share?

In saying that, we must also accept the fact that nothing lasts forever. So when it's time to move on, it's time to move on. The best practice is to cherish the good memories and times that we shared.

The importance of friendships during difficult times as well as the good times is immeasurable. I've often thought that God created friendship in order to absorb the overflow of emotions we experience...whether they be great excitement or great sorrow, too much of either would not be good for us. So in all His glory and wisdom God creates friends to help us survive.

I was desperately seeking employment. At the same time, I was also searching for answers to all the apparitions and other supernatural and mystical experiences I was experiencing. I knew it was all for a greater purpose, but what?

All too frequently, I was so depressed and lonely that if I had a gun, I would have blown my head clean off my shoulders. I didn't want to hurt myself (or anyone else for that matter), but the disappointment from realizing that life was looking like a big fat lie was too much for me to handle. I was mentally, emotionally, and spiritually fragile and I was hanging on as tightly as I could. I was worried about myself when I felt no one else was. That is a very scary feeling. If it weren't for the fact that I would have hurt my mother and created a horrible mess in Jane's (mommy's) apartment, that someone else would have to clean up, I would have done it.



I know of a couple of people who have killed themselves. A lump grows in my throat and my eyes swell with tears when I think about their final moments - before the final exit. How deeply sad they must have been feeling, there was absolutely no one they could turn to and who would understand? But their last seconds, I imagine, must have been happy, to finally believe their pain would end. I pray it did.

The summer had past and fall was upon us. I had no job, no money, barely any food, and worse of all, no winter clothes. How could I possibly stay in New York City when I had spent most of my life on the west coast with near-perfect weather? I had no boots, no sweaters, and only one light leather jacket. Time was closing in on me and I had to figure something out quickly.

Since 2004, when I first met Daryl, I had always stayed in touch with him throughout my travels, good times and bad. Since I can remember, the most common and consistent observation people would make of my personality is to know me for a day is to know me for a lifetime. I always took that as a compliment because I am who I am. I don't put on fronts and if you take me, you take me with warts and all. I give credit to Daryl for that phrase; he first said it to me and I thought it was fitting not only for me but for everyone whom we choose to accept into our lives.

I was regularly on the phone with Daryl, letting him know what was going on. Over a few years, we had become more like family members than just friends. He was about thirty-five years older than I. He is a father/uncle type of figure in my life. He is also very intuitive, and the life he has lived in American history. He is a writer and a poet.

His intuition was on high alert during my low period in New York City. I'm not a woe-is-me individual, but I do tell it the way it is. Not everyone cares to listen, but Daryl did. His response was to tell me to get in my car and get back to Palm Springs as quickly as I could.. Although he himself was living a modest existence, there was always room for me at his home. He already had one roommate, but I could sleep on his porch, which in Palm Springs is preferable during the summers, until I got myself back on track. And that was what I did.

I drove as quickly to Palm Springs as I had from Los Angeles to Corbyville a few months before.

This country doesn't know two things about itself. First, how scenically beautiful this continent is that we have the privilege to live on and be caretakers of (of this we are gravely

falling short of our responsibilities), and second, how dire the circumstances truly were, economically, during the collapse of 2008. There were, literally, at least a handful of towns across the country where the gas stations were dry. Yes, that is right; across our country, the pumps were dry. It was with the guidance and protection of the Holy Spirit that I was able to make it back to safe surroundings.

I was emotionally scarred, but nonetheless in one piece. That was good enough for me.

There was yet another challenge lurking in the dark waiting to be unleashed; throughout my travels, I had taken many photographs to serve as an informal documentation of my adventures.

Alas, as with many things we plan in life, this would not be - when I opened my files on my computer, I had lost all my high-resolution photos. The only remains of many years of work were the low-resolution photos I was able to download from my website. There I was now, left with nothing. And soon thereafter, the only material possession of value remaining with me, the sports car I had with me from Hawaii would be repossessed. What do I do now?

No Matter Where I Go, There I Is



The continual instability, created by me, forced me to seriously take stock in my actions and start putting the pieces of the puzzle to my life together.

I recall in 2006 while living once again with my friend Jane, I was once again bored and craving something stimulating and a place where I could connect spiritually. I knew I didn't want anything to do with celebrity, money, or people who were driven by these things.

So I decided to move back to Hawaii. I was working for a company that specialized in making glass cubes for walls and showers. It was located in an industrial section on the wharf of Honolulu.

At the shop there was me, a recovering alcoholic assistant who only talked about her recovery and her friends who were

recovering, and a couple of warehouse guys. I've worked in a couple of warehouses in my life and I find it interesting how macho most of these guys act.

On one of my first days on the job, I was sitting at my desk when I heard some shouting from outside. At first, I disregarded the noise, thinking it was just a couple of people talking excitedly. After a minute or so, I got up from my desk and went out to the warehouse garage door entrance to see what was happening.

There, I found all three of the warehouse guys—who were not slight of build by any means—watching a homeless man grabbing at his girlfriend and physically threatening her. It appeared she had acquired a roll of copper she was taking to cash in, and he wanted it.

She had the roll of copper in one hand while he had her other hand by the wrist. She was a tough broad, maybe thirty-eight years old, but looking much older due to drugs, alcohol, smoking, and whatever other elements that were prematurely aging her. He was in his mid to late forties, probably; he reminded me of a tough old tomcat with half-chewed-off ears and scars to prove he'd defended his territory in prior battles.

A peace lover at the core, I often proclaim that I hate violence so much that I would kill to stop it. As strange as that may sound, it is true. I watched about twenty seconds of this manhandling when, without forethought, I stepped in to the aid of the woman after her man had grabbed her by the ear and literally ripped out one of her earrings from its lobe.

I'm still not sure if I was more shocked at his actions or the inaction of my co-workers and on-lookers.

He went to grab her a second time when I intervened and grabbed him by the wrist and stopped his strike. He looked at

me and said, This isn't between you and me, man. I responded that there was no way that I could allow him to hit a woman. He was on private property and what he did off it was his business, but currently he was making it mine.

Dropping his arm they continued bickering. Within seconds he let her go and she left the property with him trailing closely behind. Needless to say, I was shaken by this event. I went back to my desk with my nerves on end.

A minute or two later my manager came to me and expressed her feelings that I should never interfere in anything like that in the neighborhood where we worked for my own safety. She stated that they (the homeless) lived by their own laws and it would be best to leave them to solve their own problems.

I wasn't happy with either the situation or the manager's statements to me; however, they were meant with good intentions and my safety in mind. I had grown up in a violent domestic environment and I knew if I was able to make a difference that I could never just be a witness.

Luckily, the next day, I saw an ad in the newspaper for a comptroller for a restaurant/bar in downtown Honolulu. I met with the owners as soon as I could arrange it. Thankfully, everything worked out quickly. I was offered a position and I accepted it immediately. I went back to the warehouse and quit effective right away.

The name of the restaurant is Indigo. It is located at the heart of Honolulu off a city park, connected to the Hawaii Theater. I could not have asked for a better job. The owners were great to work for, probably the best I've had or will ever have. (Thanks, Glenn Chu and Dave Stewart.)

The job was challenging, with many aspects to it—human

resources, accounting, administration, plus dealing with the restaurant and the bar. Live entertainment and everything you can imagine happens in this type of environment.

Within a relatively short period of time, I had things running smoothly - I only needed to be at the restaurant a few hours a day a couple of times a week. When I first took the position, I thought I might be able to use it as a way to meet new people and make new friends. It wasn't possible, though, in the position of human resources. One must separate oneself and be a role model, rather than a buddy. Although I liked almost everyone I stayed separate and impartial.

On one particular day, I went to work and forgot the keys to the restaurant. Rather than going back home to get the keys I sat on the step of the restaurant and waited for another staff member to open the door. While I was sitting on the step waiting I realized I was cursing each car passing in front of me. I caught myself thinking the ugliest of thoughts about people I didn't know and who weren't doing anything to me. I loved Hawaii and my job, but loneliness was deeply affecting my spirit.

That evening, I went home not only feeling lonely and out of touch, but also disappointed with myself at how my thoughts were flowing. As usual, I pulled into my parking spot, took the elevator to the main lobby, and checked my mail. This had been my routine for quite some time. The same guy who worked the concierge desk each weekday never once looked up at and said hello, good-bye, or anything.

I went up to the condo and relaxed a bit trying to get some positive energy flowing through my spirit. I've always found it difficult to find my rhythm with others in any city

I've lived.

No matter where I go – there I IS (ME).

A Divine Intervention



Magic Island is a rocky point located within the Ala Moana Beach Park within walking distance from downtown Waikiki. It is a large and diverse park. All seventy-six acres bordering the Ala Wai Harbor. It includes a huge grassy picnic area dotted with tree, several golden sand beaches, a lagoon, walking paths and a man-made peninsula. I would find myself taking long meditative walks here in the early morning hours contemplating my loneliness.

Each night around dusk, I would leave my condo building, and walk down along Atkinson Drive passing the luxurious Ala Moana Hotel and the busy Ala Moana Shopping Center, The pedestrian crossing was extremely busy via Ala Moana Boulevard into the Ala Moana Beach Park. There, I would dream about lounging in the yacht club and finally I would enter the ultra-tranquil Magic Island where I could sit and meditate to the sound of the waves pounding against the rocky ledge; or, if I was early enough, watch a magnificent sunset.

I had already decided that I was going to move back to the

mainland so I was spending more and more time on Magic Island and exploring the nearby neighborhoods by foot. I thought this night was no different than any other as I left the building. As I passed by the concierge and as usual he didn't budge a muscle.

As I approached the Ala Moana Hotel, I was reminded of the construction going on at the busy intersection where the hotel, shopping center, and YMCA all met. It was dusk and the construction crew had set up lights brighter than day to work late. Being a 24/7 city, a lot of road construction is done during the evening and early morning hours so as not to disturb the daytime flow of traffic and life in general.

The Ala Moana Hotel is a large and majestic building



two stories from street level. As you pass in front of the hotel, there is a stop light and entrance to the hotel and shopping center. There are so many lanes in and out of the hotel/shopping center that it usually takes two lights to cross.

Pedestrians must cross a two-lane curved entrance and wait on a median for the light to change and then cross another two lanes to continue along the sidewalk in front of the mega parking lot connecting to and under the Ala Moana shopping center.

On this particular night, the construction lights and construction was set up in front of the entrance and exit to the hotel/shopping center, affecting the street lights, both directions of traffic, and traffic coming to and from the shopping center/hotel, as well as the traffic flow to and from the YMCA and the homes and businesses on the side of the street.

I remember thinking that the combination of all the traffic rushing in and out, the area being so congested with tourists who normally are clueless to directions and suffer from information overload while on vacation, this night with poor lighting conditions, and all the drilling and banging of construction made for a perfect setup for a serious accident waiting to happen. In all likelihood, a pedestrian would be run over.

This scenario didn't help my frame of mind. It added to what I was witnessing to be the blindness of those in charge. I mean, really, setting up major construction this evening in a poorly-lit, high-traffic, high-tourist zone is asking for it. They didn't have guards directing traffic.

Nonetheless, I safely crossed, dodging a couple of racing cars whose agenda to make the yellow light was apparently more important than the safety of the dozen or so of us who were making our way across the walk. I continued my way down toward the park and Magic Island where I sat and contemplated my current situation and past experiences, wondering what the heck the future would bring for me.

Around nine o'clock in the evening, I started to head back home. The park officially closed at that time, but there remained many homeless people who slept in the park. There were many nights that I would also go down there at three or

four in the morning. As long as there were no complaints, the police didn't bother anyone.

My mood had improved, but I continued mentally picking apart everything I saw. When I'm in this frame of mind I can be rather cruel – a side of me I don't like. As I was approaching the construction site again watching people zip in and out of traffic, I was becoming more and more frustrated watching selfish drivers behind the wheels of three-thousand-pound steel shells run lights at thirty miles an hour. It is the innocent who I worry about in life. The selfish ones always look after themselves.

As I was approaching the cross walk, I noticed a plastic bag tumbling down the sidewalk. There was almost always a nice breeze blowing in Waikiki, but it was *how* the bag was tumbling that made me notice it - it was as though the bag was tumbling in slow motion.

When I first saw it, I thought there was no way I was going to pick it up. This, to most people, is not important; however, for me being environmentally conscious, ninety-nine percent of the time I would never pass a piece of garbage without picking it up and carrying it to a garbage can. As I watched this slow tumbling plastic bag approach me, it would be my way to get back at the world by letting it blow by me. That would teach them! Yet another plastic bag in the ground for fifty years.

Alas, it would not be, for as the bag reached me, it landed on my foot and stopped my stride. I stared at it for a moment. Finally, I relented, bending over to pick it up, resigned to the fact that I couldn't let it pass by.

I stood up and noticed a step in front of me a tiny old woman, standing maybe four feet ten inches tall. She was

pushing a loaded cart, the type that the elderly use as a walker, with a little basket on top for their purse or something small. Of Asian descent, she shuffled along very slowly. Her cart seemed to be loaded full of plastic bags, which made me think that maybe the bag had flown off her cart.

I approached her and asked if the bag was belonged on her basket. She said it was so I tucked it among the other bags. She thanked me and I went on my way. I didn't give her any thought really presuming by her appearance she was headed toward the park with the other homeless.

A golden rule that I try to live by is to never look back, both literally and metaphorically. I try never to turn around or think back in what ifs. But for some odd reason, when I got to the crosswalk waiting for the light to change, I turned back to look for the old woman.

As I turned, I saw the woman's push cart was stuck halfway off the sidewalk and she looked as though she was going to fall over. So I rushed to catch the cart so it wouldn't pull them both over and into traffic. I pulled her cart off the street and asked her if she was all right. She said she was, but I thought she looked lost.

I asked the old woman where she was going and she responded that she was going to the Ala Moana Hotel. Not wanting to be judgmental, she didn't appear or dress like someone who would be staying at such a grand hotel...plus she was headed in the wrong direction. So I asked her why she was headed in the opposite direction of the hotel. She told me that she was trying to turn the cart around. There is a curb cut on sidewalks for wheelchairs to use when crossing streets and she was trying to use this to turn around and cross the walk. It

didn't make sense, as the sidewalk was plenty wide enough to turn around and the curb cut was too far away. But I wasn't going to argue with an old woman.

I asked her if I could help her and she gratefully accepted my offer. As we started toward the hotel, I wondered how on earth this little old woman, not even five feet tall, some eighty pounds, shuffling along like a snail at the absolute worse time of night in the middle of a construction zone, was managing this antiquated pushcart that weighed more than she. It was full of something, I couldn't really tell, maybe a bunch of cases of soda. It was really heavy. Even at my height and strength, I had difficulty managing this contraption on the sidewalk. How on earth did she?

As we walked toward the crosswalk, I asked her what she was doing out so late and alone. She told me that she and her daughter were visiting from a town in northern California, the name of which I cannot recall. Sometime around 2:00 pm, she and the daughter went shopping in the center. The daughter needed to go somewhere and left the mother to shop and then return to the hotel on her own, presumably by the skywalk.

It was now around 9:00 pm and the old woman had been lost in the parking lot for all these hours, not knowing how to get out and back to the hotel. Although the hotel entrance was only yards away, it was hours away. My heart sank to think of this poor little old lady wandering around this abyss of a parking structure late at night pushing that cart and not one person had noticed her. I was angry.



As we waited for the light to change, I looked up at the hotel. From the street, I could see the bellmen overlooking the street and activity by the skywalk that leads to the shopping center. The skywalk was at least two stories high. I thought to myself, *well, those guys are going to get an earful from me when we get up there. How dare they stand around while an old person is lost for hours? Are they blind?!* Of course, this wasn't a rational thought but I was already angry with the world and to have this fall in front of me made me angrier.

It took a couple of lights before we successfully crossed the double walk. On the other side, we had two choices to get into the hotel. One was to walk up the drive of the shopping center, where there would probably be an elevator to take us up to the skywalk and into the hotel about a half block away, or there was a staircase—extremely steep—leading up to the hotel. I had never been in the hotel so I had to make a quick assessment regarding time and energy/ability.

The way the woman moved at a snail's pace it would have taken at least twenty minutes to get to a point where we might find an elevator. And maybe there wasn't one there. Maybe it would have been necessary to go back into the shopping center to get to the sky-walk, and that was too far to walk for me, let alone with an old woman and a pushcart loaded full of whatever.

As we stood at the base of the steep staircase leading up to the hotel, I looked up and then I looked down at the woman. I took a deep breath, probably sighed a bit, and asked her if she thought she could make it up the staircase. She looked up and said yes. I had a fleeting thought of throwing her over my shoulder and hoisting her up the staircase – can you imagine?! In retrospect, I shouldn't have asked her to climb; the stairs were really too high. But I did.

I took another deep breath, hoisted the cart in the air, and started mounting the staircase. Halfway up there was a landing. I stopped and put the cart down. Did I mention; it was heavy! I looked down and the old woman was making her way up the stairs very slowly. I felt badly but what was I to do? I was hoping she could make it. I waited until she made it up to the landing. I asked her if she was okay and if she could make it to the top. She thought she could.

Whoever built the staircase must have known it was too high for one trek; otherwise, why build the landing for people to rest? So up goes the cart and away I went to the top of the staircase. I had no idea how large this hotel was until I reached the top. It was incredible.



The entrance made you feel like a movie star. From the

top of the staircase, there was still a large patio/waiting area to cross, then a two- or three-lane entrance, and then yet another thousand feet or so to get into the reception area. I never measured it, but it was huge!

I looked back down and God bless the old woman, she was making it slowly but surely to the top. I surveyed the surroundings and noticed a female flight attendant sitting at the side of a fountain. She was about to light a cigarette. Some valet guys were attending to people in arriving cars, but in particular, I was looking for the bellmen.

Finally, my little old woman arrived at the top. She was out of breath so we stood for a couple of seconds until she got her second wind. When she recovered, I asked her to look around and see if she recognized the hotel to be the one that she was staying at. She looked around and told me she didn't recognize it.

Oh, my God! I thought to myself, *What am I going to do now?* I told her we should go inside the lobby and take a look around. Maybe it might look more familiar. The outside lights were bright and glamorous. I'm sure it didn't look at all like the hotel she arrived at during the daylight hours.



Slowly, we moved on across the patio, the driveway, and into the main entrance near the bell captain's desk. There were marble-like floors, huge pillars, and lots of activity. We moved into the reception area a little further, near the bell captain's desk. We now had a view of the reception desk, the elevators, and a long hallway. I asked her if it looked familiar. She said that it did. I made sure I asked her again because I wanted her to be sure. I told her if she was absolutely sure, I would be on my way. She went to get money for me because I had helped her. I took her by the hand and told her no, she didn't need to pay me. I was happy to help her. And I was. As we held hands, hers was the softest and warmest I have ever touched. There was something special about that touch.

My attention now focused on the bellmen. Only steps away, I went over to the bell captain and told him that there was an old woman walking around the street that thought she stayed here but wasn't sure, and he needed to get his butt over there and help her.



This exchange took at most thirty seconds and we turned to go to where I left the old woman. The distance was literally steps from where I left her. But she was gone. Nowhere to be seen. Vanished.

I walked around the pillar but nothing. The elevators were too far away for her to reach them in the short time I went to get the bell captain.

I looked at the bell captain and said something like *"Listen, there is a little old woman wandering around looking for her daughter."* I told him that I helped her up the stairs a few minutes before. Although he didn't say anything negative, I could tell by the look in his eyes that he thought I was crazy. I mean, the way I described the old woman with this cart, where could she have disappeared?

As I was exiting the lobby, I was thinking to myself how could that be? She was just there. She couldn't move fast enough to get to the elevators or anywhere else in the lobby. Things like this drive me crazy. It would drive me crazy all night for sure and bug me for the rest of my life.

Then I remembered the flight attendant sitting on the

ledge of the fountain. Surely, she saw us pass by. How could you not notice a six-foot-four Caucasian guy walking with a four-foot-something Asian woman pushing a rickety old cart? I considered asking her if she saw us but I thought that might be too forward. I decided to approach her anyway and ask; otherwise, I wouldn't sleep.

She was a nice woman. I told her how I had met this woman on the street, hoisted her cart up the staircase, entered the lobby, and then she essentially disappeared while I was talking to the bell captain. I asked her if she remembered seeing us pass by and she said she did. Thank God! What if she hadn't paid attention? So I thought to myself, *"Well, you've gone this far so go ahead and ask her to go in and verify your story."*

She was so accommodating. She finished her cigarette and we went back into the hotel and once again approached the bell captain. As she began telling him that indeed she had seen me helping an elderly woman with her cart into the hotel, I looked over her shoulder, at two younger bellmen standing about thirty feet away.

My eyes locked with one of the bellmen who appeared to be a native Hawaiian. He smiled at me, nodded his head, and gave me the Hawaiian shaka hand signal.

I thought it was a strange encounter because it either confirmed that the bell captain thought I was crazy and had already told his coworkers or the native bellman knew something about my encounter with the old woman and its greater significance. The flight attendant finished her conversation with the bell captain but I don't recall a word of it because I was so focused on my interaction with the younger bellman.

We left the hotel together and I thanked her for her time.

I told her about the bellman across the lobby giving me the shaka. We both agreed that it was an eerie encounter. We hugged and I walked away.



As I was walking away, she said to me You did a good deed. It wasn't what she said but how it hit my ear. I do good deeds often. But the sound of her voice made it different. It was like the entire encounter had been set up for me to get out of myself and my bad mood—from the construction site, to the old woman, to the flight attendant, the acknowledgment of the shaka from the bellman, and, finally, the words of confirmation from the flight attendant as I was walking away.

It would of course be difficult to prove anything. These are only words on a piece of paper, but if you had been experiencing the situation yourself... anyway, I went on my way home as usual, reflecting on the entire evening, shaking off the goose bumps. Did it all really happen the way I thought it did?

I entered the lobby of the condo and there was the same concierge sitting at the desk. My thought, of course, was that he wouldn't lift his head to acknowledge a person's entrance so I didn't bother to say hello.

But as *this* night would have it, as I approached the desk, he popped his head up and as happy as can be, started a pleasant conversation asking how I was, and what a nice evening it was, etc. I shouldn't have been shocked after my earlier experience, but I was.

And, of course, as he was talking, my telephone rang. I politely excused myself and I answered the call. The voice on the other end was low-toned and difficult to understand. He introduced himself as the owner of a home in the Waikiki district that was a tourist attraction.

At least a month previous I was looking for extra things to do. There was an ad in the newspaper seeking a tour guide for this house, which was supposedly haunted. I thought this could be a fun pastime. It would also give me an opportunity to meet new people. I left a message but no one ever returned my call about the job. I had actually forgotten all about it until this call.

The voice on the other end asked me if I had called about the tour guide position and I replied yes. I was extremely curious at this point as to why he was calling me now of all times. I asked him when he got the message and he replied that he had gotten it.

I then told him that I had actually left the message for him some time ago and that I was moving back to the mainland and wouldn't be able to take the job. I also asked him how he got the number he dialed, because I had also changed my number from a Hawaiian area code to a Los Angeles area code, and I did not put on any forwarding services. When I applied for the position, I gave a Hawaiian telephone number. So it was strange how he could have gotten my new Los Angeles number.

This information didn't seem to faze him at all. Still pleasant, he began selling the position to me. I politely stopped him and reassured him that I would not be available, that I was moving back to the mainland. He accepted that and we said our good-byes. I hung up the phone more mystified

than ever about my evening and my life.

Triangulation; Back to the Future



In 2004 I landed in Palm Springs via Phoenix due to the charity and kindness of Joe Ordway. I met Joe and his good friend John Paul Davis while visiting Montreal.

While in Montreal I made my first (primitive) short film and two music video-style documentaries about Montreal's night life and festivals; *The Story of Us*, *Served Him Right* and *Are You Ready*. They are now a part of The National Library of Canada.

When it was time to leave, I was broke, but Joe was generous and invited me to Phoenix and helped me get back on my feet without expectation of anything in return, but friendship. That's all I had to give.

Not long after - déjà-vu - I was back in Palm Springs after a long bus ride from Phoenix. It gave me a lot of time to think. I seem to be always doing a lot of thinking, but not much learning. Once again, with a suitcase in hand and barely

a dollar in my pocket, I got off the bus but for the grace of God and friends; I then headed down the street to where a long-time friend was working in a local bar.

Paul Danos was someone I knew from West Hollywood in the mid- 1980s. We were roommates and frequented bars together. He was one of the funniest guys I had ever met; he had a big heart and personality. He was terribly cute and he knew how to play the game of life to get what he wanted. Upon my arrival, Paul was gracious enough to let me flop in his extra room for a while.

I quickly found another place to live with someone who was renting an extra room in his house. It was midnight, New Year's Eve 2004. I had gone to the bar where Paul was working to take some pictures for a magazine for whom I did some freelance work. I was craving creativity but I had no money and no supplies.

I hung around the bar and took some pictures of some patrons during the midnight celebrations and then I was on my way home. One of the nicest things about Palm Springs is how the homeowners light up their yards to showcase their gardens and palm trees at night.

On my way home, I was having a great time taking nighttime photographs of yards, street lights, homes, and gardens. I recall having a strange feeling as I took a picture of this one yard. I distinctly remember looking down the road at a certain house but I didn't know why. It was one of those chills-down-your-spine feelings.



As most of us do, I shrugged it off and continued on my way down the street. During my walk, however, I continually felt an unquestionable feeling of being followed or watched. I kept turning around and looking behind me, but there was nothing. Granted, it was a low-lit street set near the base of the mountains, so once again, I chalked it up to an overactive imagination.

It was here that I had my first tangible paranormal experience. Although I had previously had many intuitions, visions, or unexplained knowledge, it would be here that my spiritual journey into esoteric knowledge really began.

My new landlord Daryl James was always friendly and respectful. He allowed me to use his computer and offered me his camera to use. In exchange, I would attend functions and parties to take photographs for the magazine he sold advertising for. I also introduced him to potential new clients.

Photography had never been an interest of mine as a career. I knew that I could take a better-than-average picture, but I always thought that writing would be my path in life, even if I ended up choosing that path late in life. So it was his camera and my thirst for creativity that took me around town,

day and night, shooting anything I laid my eyes on. Soon my eyes started appreciating things that in my busy-ness didn't notice before.

Although everything on the surface was friendly and respectful, I was once again getting strange feelings about the mobile home park where I was living. The park was inhabited mostly by the elderly and a couple of families who were below the poverty line. As with most of my early intuitions, there was something there but I couldn't put my finger on what it was.

Those were the thoughts dominating my walk home that New Year's Eve. Trying to figure out, number one, what the heck I was going to be doing in the new year and trying to remember what I did the previous year so I wouldn't necessarily repeat bad habits.

As I was walking home stargazing and admiring the natural light show of the desert night, I got the most powerful set of chills. I looked over to the southwest and on the side of the mountain range was the enormous lighted face of a half-man, half-monkey or ape. I could not believe my eyes.

I started fumbling with the camera with excitement, realizing that I was about to photograph a real spirit. I made sure when setting the camera to get a close up so there could be no disputing what it was. After all, this image was the size of the mountain and the lights were not coming from—could not possibly have been from—a house or the streets. It was a secluded area too high and too far from the nearest house or building. Clickety-click and lickety-split, I was off and practically ran home to download the pictures from the camera to witness my prize.

I ran in the house to download all my pictures from the evening. Of course, the picture of the famous half-man, half-monkey was not there. In all my excitement and anticipation, I zoomed in way too close that I had a blurred set of lights on the mountainside. I didn't keep the image, but I probably should have because the fact that there were lights that large and that high on the mountainside would have been worth something.

However, the next day, when I was working with the pictures from the night before, I came across a picture I took of the lighted palm tree a block or two before that of the half-man, half-monkey face. Remember I told you I had a distinct feeling of something—something strange but not scary.

It was here I noticed that in the near background of this picture are four clear and outlined figures that resembled the heads of Easter Island. I couldn't believe my eyes! At this point, I'm sure you're not convinced anything has happened because you aren't feeling the visceral effect of the impressions. Without a doubt, I am convinced there were four little spirits guarding this house.

I went back to the house a couple of times and retook shots during the same time and using the same angle in an attempt to replicate the lights. I used photo-editing software to zoom in and out of the photo, trying to see if it was how the lights were glowing that night trying to replicate the original, but I could not. I often thought of knocking on the door to see who lived there.

Life went on as it always has, and always will. The day-to-day drudgery took over once again and I chalked up the exhilarating feeling of experiencing something esoteric as just another one of those things, although my subconscious mind didn't agree.



A few years later, I found myself once again living in Palm Springs. And, once again, I found myself being presented with more pieces of the puzzle to my life. Although I never did get a picture of the half-man, half-monkey/ape image on the mountainside, the image above did appear amidst others, and it resembled the original face I saw that night. I don't think I could have recalled the image enough to draw it, yet I recognized it immediately when it appeared again—on the bathroom wall of my new home.

This time in Palm Springs, I worked in a small resort hotel. At thirty-three years of age, having had great opportunities for success in life, both personally and professionally, here I was working in a small hotel making beds. That stint didn't last long, though, and I quickly became the assistant manager; however, for the present, I was making beds, washing and folding laundry, and cleaning toilets. However, regardless of

one's position, in life, one must always do a job as though it was the most important job there is.

As a matter of fact, it is that principle in my life—always doing the best job possible—which has created the most problems for me. Most of us have experienced that the average coworker would rather do the least amount of work possible with the least amount of effort, and expect the most in return. This, perhaps, might be the greatest downfall of today's civilization.

Because I didn't have any mode of transportation, I walked everywhere. Walking really slows a person's life down quite a bit and forces you, if you have any awareness in you at all, to stop and smell the flowers – or in my case take a picture. The season I moved to Palm Springs was the wettest in recorded history and the desert came alive like an explosion of color. There was more to photograph than the imagination could handle. What a perfect time for me to take up the art of photography. It was at night that the desert felt most alive for some reason. And this was also when I experienced something else—uh, supernatural?

On my way home from the hotel, I would walk past another hotel. I used to cut through the back street behind the hotel, which was a short cut into the mobile home park where I rented the room. It seemed that each time I would walk past this hotel, a rather large light on the side of the building would start to flash—sometimes rhythmically, sometimes not.

I noticed it mostly because, as a person somewhat conscious of environmental issues and wastefulness, I thought of all the wasted electricity and I also considered the possibility of an electrical fire if there was a short causing the flickering. Each time I passed, it was the same flickering,

until it started to irritate me. However, what I was about to learn wasn't about wasting electricity or the chance of a fire.

I started paying closer attention to the light as I approached from at least half a block away to see if it was blinking, but it wasn't. It only started blinking as I approached it; once I passed it by several hundred feet, it would stop. This went on for months and months until the hotel closed down and the new owner ripped out all the lights.

But it wasn't just this light. I started to notice that when I would walk down a street, streetlights would go out as I passed under them and then come back on once I was well away from them. Now, this happened many times in different cities. Once I started noticing it, I couldn't help but notice how often it happened.

Sometime after this, I was in a position where I owned a vehicle. The streetlights going out didn't pass my mind, because if you're driving, you don't notice details of your surroundings. On one occasion, I remember pulling up to either a stop sign or street light and, out of the blue, I thought, *Hey, I wonder if the street lights would still go out if I walked under one?* At that moment, the streetlight overhead the stop I was at went out. Chills went up my spine and my hair stood up on my arms. I thought to myself, *Yikes!* I proceeded to hit the gas, shaking my head. I hadn't gone out for a nighttime walk for a long time to test the lights. Maybe I would do that that evening. Little did I know it would be just the beginning.

Callings



My personal life was getting more bizarre yet by the minute. Watching the night sky is probably man's oldest entertainment. It really is interesting—you just need to be patient. Things in the sky happen slowly, but surely.

One particularly bizarre evening started early. On an evening in April 2008, around 8:00 pm, while I stood on the landing to the entrance of my apartment, I saw something strange flying over the skyline of Los Angeles. Yes, I called it a UFO.

I couldn't make out what it was so I rushed to get my video camera and hastily started to videotape it. By this time in my life, with all the mysterious and mystic happenings, I was ready with some sort of recording device to capture whatever and I was ready to see something that would amaze me.

At the same time, I tried to call someone when these bizarre occurrences happened. If something really supernatural was going to happen, I thought it would be better to have someone, even through a phone, experience it with me. I

thought it would make it more believable, although there are those who believe no matter what, and skeptics are skeptical no matter what.

With video camera in hand, I started taping until the object disappeared into the night. I excitedly took out all the necessary cables, turned on the computer, and downloaded the video footage onto my computer so I could take a closer look.

With great anticipation and expectation, I reviewed the tape, the entire time flipping through the channels wondering why this UFO flying over Los Angeles wasn't being reported. To my great dismay, relief, and sense of humor, the UFO turned out to be a blimp. Yes, a blimp! All lit up and quite a sight to see. I immediately phoned my mother and we had a good laugh over it all. It was quite exhilarating even if it turned out to be a blimp.

As circumstances surrounding me would have it, minutes after my hearty chuckle over the UFO, something bizarre did happen. I was standing once again on the landing, looking at the night sky and the Los Angeles skyline and laughing to myself about my blimp blip.



Overlooking the homes in the Hollywood Hills you notice, for the most part, that they are literally built into the hillside. Another way to look at them would

make them appear like works of art as they hang onto the side of the mountain. Many of them have huge retaining walls built of cement to stop the side of the mountain from

sliding down.

Our neighbor down the hill had such a wall. It was around twenty feet high at the entrance to the driveway. It is a plain cement wall, and the driveway winds up the hill a few degrees, wrapping around to a landing where the cars were parked under the house.

While I was musing at my UFO sighting, a light caught my peripheral vision. When I looked to the right on this twenty foot wall in gigantic lit letters was the word WELCOME.

WELCOME? Who were they welcoming? Of course, my mind went directly back to the UFO. I realized what I had seen was a blimp; however, was there something else that I didn't see? Was this a coincidental message or something more? Of course, my mind went in the more direction.

My heart started to race again. After a minute or two, the adrenaline subsided and rational thoughts started to regain their rightful place in my mind. Well, there was no question that the message WELCOME was shining brightly and largely on my neighbor's wall—but how? Where was the light coming from?

The roads in the hills turn left and right nonstop. Rarely does the road drive straight like most city streets. The letters were so large on this wall the projection would have to be from across the street, yet I didn't see any stream of light coming from the other side of the street.

Of course, I tried to rationalize what I was seeing with reasons like they are obviously having guests and have gone all out to welcome them in a special way. So I hung out for a bit to see if anyone arrived or if they had a party. Nothing happened. There was no party and I didn't see anyone come or

leave the house for a long period of time.

I shook my head went into my apartment and closed the door. I refocused on organizing and packing for my move back to Corbyville. I still had not committed to a firm date for the move or told my employer. Packing and moving, for those of you who don't know, is not only physically draining, but also emotionally. I ended up falling asleep in front of the television.

The next morning, I walked down the steep hill to take a look at my neighbor's entrance to see if I could figure out how the WELCOME sign



had been projected. I wanted to see if I could find any hookups or electronics that could have lit the message. I couldn't find anything. This doesn't mean there wasn't, but I didn't see any—anywhere.

This made me think of another one of my Hawaii experiences. The first Friday in Honolulu (Chinatown) brings out the art lovers. All the galleries and restaurants open their doors to welcome art enthusiasts. The restaurant where I worked was located in the center of all the action so I knew the area and the businesses well.

Some friends and I joined the crowds and enjoyed the galleries, food, and festivities. We walked to the Louis Pohl Gallery, my favorite at the time. It was half a block down the

street from Indigo, and I had many of my photographs professionally framed at this gallery.

The place was jammed. It usually was. We headed to the back where many of the interesting people grouped. This First Friday, the owner had arranged a fortuneteller of sorts to be a source of entertainment. She had a small container of different types of stones. You reached in, pulled out two stones, and she would read your fortune.

Of course, I would not be disappointed. There was a red star and a white stone. Immediately, she looked at me and gasped slightly. Studying my face, she said, You're an alien. Did you know that? My friends looked at me, and being at the core quite shy, I blushed. One of my friends jokingly piped in, I knew it. We all laughed. She continued to say that there were a few of us aliens on earth, not many, but I wasn't alone. And in a few years, up to five, they were coming back to get us.

Now, I never really know how to take this type of information from a complete stranger. Is it true or am I feeding my alienated feelings? (no pun intended, but good timing.) At the time of the reading, I was forty-five years old. This would make my departure age around fifty years of age, or the year 2012.

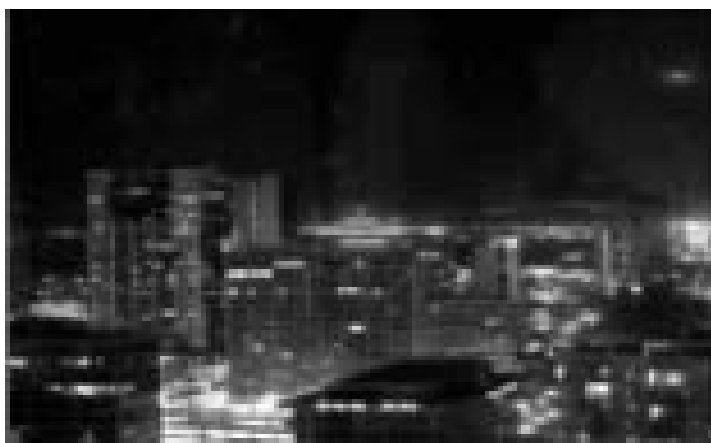
There have been other predictions from psychics, palm readers, and tarot cards readers as well as other coincidences throughout my life that would indicate my life would end at fifty years. If I can recall the details, I will write them in their relevant chapters. For now, only time will tell. If not fifty, it will be eighty-eight.

I wanted to go home and go to bed; the psychic reading really freaked me out for some reason. We finished up our

tour of the art walk and I went home.

Living in a tall building with floor-to-ceiling windows gave me a great view night and day. However, being that high, you can also feel the building swaying back and forth with the winds. I finished my nightly routine and nestled myself in my comfortable bed.

As my mind started to relax and prepare for sleep, I reflected on the evening and the words of the stone reader. I turned over to look out the window at the Waikiki skyline and what did I see; a neon spaceship!



What I saw gave me a shock. I wondered why I had never noticed this on any other night. Was it meant to be for me to hear this fortune this night and then come home and see this? My experiences seemed to be linking themselves, but what did it all mean?

Messages

All day a myriad of sources of information—from letters, to words, music, and videos—are passing through our bodies via the wireless internet. But don't you think that information of all sorts has always and is always being given to use wirelessly? If our receptors were sensitive enough to pick them up, then we could—and one day will probably be able to—decipher these signals without any mechanical device doing the interpretation. We know that there is error in interpretation – doesn't matter how accurate the interpretation is.

At one point, I was receiving so many signs I would call my friend, Barb Mansbridge, and tell her about them. During one conversation, I was telling her they were happening so many so fast, she couldn't believe the frequency. But for as quickly they happen – they are forgotten. So each time something happened, I called her. Within a day, she finally said okay, enough, stop calling. If she was irritated by a few phone calls, imagine how it feels to be bombarded day and night.

Start looking around your life for signs, you might be surprised how many you'll receive. Trust your instincts. There are drawbacks, so be careful and be aware that knowledge without purpose will drive a person mad.

My primitive theory on how mankind survives this belief of knowledge without purpose is insanity is the ability to forget. It is our greatest gift for survival yet at the same time is the continuum of our failure as human beings. Memory failure is the key to our survival yet will also be the reason for our downfall as a civilization. Imagine if we had all the

answers to the universe immediately? The stress would be so great; we would have the lifespan of a mayfly.

A couple of years later, on the anniversary of my father's death, what should I receive in the mail but a notice from a mortuary about getting my affairs in order. I am only forty-eight years old and in excellent health. Why would a mortuary be soliciting me?

Later that year, in October 2010, in Palm Springs, two years after the death of my father. Arriving home from work, I gathered the mail. In it was a court notice. This couldn't be good news, yet I hadn't broken any laws. I opened it and it was a notice to appear for jury duty. It was strange because I am not a US citizen and I cannot act as a juror.

I chuckled and put the envelope away. A few minutes later, I called my mother to say hello and see if anything was new. After a few minutes of small talk, she told me that my father, who had been dead for two years, received a notice to appear for jury duty; coincidence or a message?

The final story for this chapter happened, again in Hawaii. I described in an earlier chapter my nightly walks to Magic Island near downtown Waikiki. Before all these things started to happen to me, I didn't know the name of the park I was visiting. I started telling a Hawaiian friend stories and where they occurred. His response was that he wasn't surprised because the name of the peninsula was Magic Island and that magical things were known to happen there.

The picture below is one of the last photos I took of Magic Island. It was about 3:00 am when I quietly entered the park to take some last photos. The authorities don't want people in the park after a certain hour. However, there are usually a few people walking around because it is so beautifully calm and soothing with a warm breeze flowing from the ocean and the sound of the waves crashing against the rocks.

The one thing I really noticed that Palm Springs and

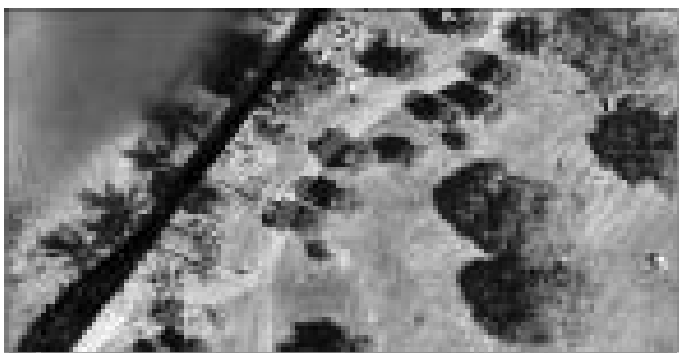


Waikiki/Honolulu shared was an abundance of doves. So of course I looked up the traditional or historic symbolic meaning of doves. This is what I found; The dove universally symbolizes innocence, gentleness, faith, marital affection, peace, and constancy.

In Christian lore and tradition, the dove is usually the symbol of the Holy Spirit or heavenly messenger, particularly found in portrayals of the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary. It is also seen denoting the Holy Spirit descending on Christ at His Baptism; He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove to alight upon Him... (Matthew 3; 16-17). Later on, in Matthew 10; 16, be wary as

serpents, innocent as doves, seems to imply the meaning of gentleness.

The deepest kind of Peace and Faith is symbolized by the Dove. Its image stills our worried and troubled thoughts, and shows us how to find renewal in the silence of our minds. In such moments of stillness, we are able to appreciate the simple blessings that go unnoticed in the chaos that surrounds us each day. The Sacred Dove serves as a gentle reminder that there is always hope, new possibilities, and miracles waiting just around the corner.



This is Magic Island from Google's satellite view. It is incredible how the technology has progressed over a few years. If you look closely near the bottom right and inch up and to the right you will notice a brown spot. This is dirt and in front of it and all along the edge of the land are benches where people can sit and watch the waves and ultimately, at the end of the day, a magnificent and awe-inspiring sunset.

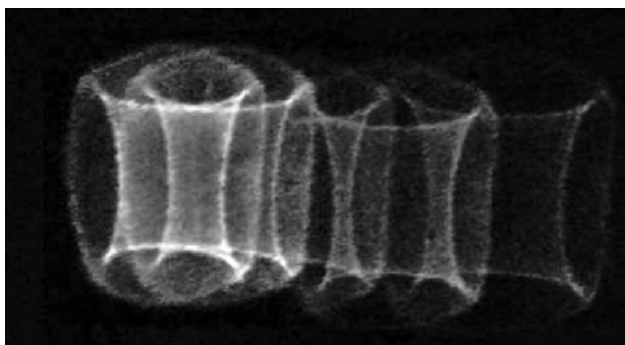
While I was sitting listening to the waves crash along the rocks one afternoon, watching as the sun approached its setting, and listening to the general noise of the people in the park, a dove landed at my feet. I didn't think too much of it as the dove pecked its way around the dirt, presumably looking for crumbs. After a few seconds it flew away and my gaze

went back to the sunset.

A couple of seconds later and I know this sounds crazy, but I'm sure it was the same one—the dove came back but with another, a friend or mate perhaps. And then another, and another, and another. Then they all flew off. Within another minute at most, they all flew back and within seconds there were at least thirty doves all pecking around and cooing at my feet.

I thought this was very strange. I moved my feet around but not crazily, to see if they would fly off but they didn't. They would come and go about their pecking business. I chuckled to myself and looked around to see if anyone else noticed. Indeed, there were many on-watchers just as curious and amazed as I. When I turned my gaze back to the pigeons, they all flew off. I chuckled to myself once again and asked myself and any other power that was listening, What was that all about?

Signs



Life gives us many signs concerning what it's all about. The most apparent are the signs each day of a greater power outside ourselves that created the perfect conditions in order that we can be here. Imagine the odds against all the elements in existence, that the ones needed for our survival would happen to bump into each other, *et voilà*, here we are. I have no problem with the many theories that explain how we evolved to where we are today. However, I take issue with how some think we began (the big bang theory) and how others think we will end (nothing).

Back in my Hollywood Hills apartment strange things were happening in abundance. Almost every day, a new image would appear on the wall of the bathroom. I continued my early morning showers because those were the times the spirits liked to show themselves the most.



In addition to apparitions there was also a distinct scent that I still haven't been able to identify, but the closest I could compare it to is a deep sweet cherry or maybe roses. I asked the question on Google, What is the meaning of the scent...? and came across this information, which was interesting to the point that it is not

only happening to me.

Sol (the patron) asked;

02/14/2010 at 3:35 pm

Lately, I often smell the scent of roses and I'd really like to know what that means. It's driving me crazy because I think it's a good omen or a scent of a guardian angel, but I want more specific information about it. For instance, does it mean love approaching or what?

Sherry (the psychic) answered;

02/16/2010 at 12:58 pm

The rose smell is one of your guides. This is your guide's way of letting you know they are with you and presents you with an opportunity to take advantage of knowing they are there and begin the process of getting to know them. I would recommend reading up on

communicating with guides...you can do a Google search.

It was in Palm Springs, with the hotel and its flickering lights, when I first noticed spirits trying to communicate with me. It was so apparent one night that I actually stopped and talked to the lights. Yes, at first I felt a bit strange, but I wasn't going to change my route just because some lights were blinking at me. They didn't stop and they didn't talk back to me—they blinked and, as usual, once I passed by a few hundred feet, they stopped.

I haven't experienced flickering lights like that since, but street lights turning off as I pass under them still happens often whether I am walking or driving. Last weekend (at the time of writing this), I was driving from Los Angeles to Palm Springs in the early morning to avoid traffic and it happened twice while I was approaching street lamps. It is always interesting because after I pass, whether on foot or in a vehicle, I will turn around or look in the rearview mirror to see if the light comes back on and it always does, but only after I have passed.

I've asked many of my friends and other people if this had ever happened to them, and to date, the response has been a resounding no. The Internet, though, is a (sometimes) great resource of information. There was a blogging site that had a short conversation about this happening to other people but it was felt to be rare. The amusing responses for me, were the ones that discounted it as nothing. The other blogs that caught my attention were the people who not only noticed the lights going off or on around them, but the fact that they were always the same lights.

In previous chapters, I wrote about callings and messages, which were/are, for the most part, intangible. They were

feelings or intuitions or thoughts or impulses. This chapter is about signs, the more tangible pieces of the puzzle.

We don't really know anything until it's said and done (i.e. mortal death), and even then, will we really know the full story—or what has been told/shown to us, or what we were able to see or understand?

Many of the following signs may sound fanciful to you, as they are to me also. However, they are all factual; I didn't put them together until many years after their occurrences. Like many of you reading this, I don't record or recall each and every instance of something happening in my life; however, once we become aware, for whatever reason, that certain instances or impressions in our lives seem to stand out or link together, then should we not pay attention—fanciful or not?

The following are a few instances that, when compiled, seem to have some sort of message. See if you get the same message as I did. However, I will say that every time I ask... God for a sign to make sure my imagination isn't conjuring this stuff up, something happens. Since I don't believe in coincidences, these must be more than signs – they must be answers.

I've had too many careless instances in my past; I am lucky to be here today to itemize each and every one. I believe that I've had, at the very minimum, a guardian angel looking over me my entire life. There will be those who, upon reading this book, will know exactly what I'm talking about; for others, it may open a door or turn on a light. We all need to learn how to walk the talk and stop the hypocrisy.

In saying this, I believe those of us who feel this way must have a greater purpose in life. Therefore, we must work harder to discover what that purpose is and live it. Without a

moment of hesitation, I believe if we don't step up and do what we were put here to do, then we will be condemned to another time until we get it right.

Should I start with the most sublime sign I've received? It may seem so incredulous; you might scoff and close the cover of this book. Or should I begin with a less exceptional—even excusable—example that a misanthrope or naysayer would be quick to justify with an array of secular conditions in order to disprove or reduce its importance and relevance to the entire puzzle at hand? I've always been known to jump into the water head-first, so let's start with the sublimities.

I've made a point of talking about my almost nonexistent religious education. The only source that I can count would be through osmosis not any formal education. However because of the continuous supernatural experiences, including the apparitions appearing in not only one of my homes, but others as well, and the bombardment of coincidences of questions and answers, my natural curiosity and thirst for knowledge and truth had peaked to a point that I began to listen more attentively and search out religious programs on radio and TV. To my surprise, they spoke of many of the things that I was experiencing, as if the sermons were written specifically for my ears. Could everything we fear too good to be true actually be true?

As I mentioned earlier when I was eighteen years old, two friends from high school—Dave Semark and Greg Cassidy—were going out west to Calgary, Alberta, to find summer work. Dave asked me if I wanted to join them and I jumped at the chance. Another boy we went to high school with, Ben had moved there and we were able to stay with his family. His parents—and his mother, in particular—were very generous

to allow, in total, five boys to spend the summer with them. At the end of summer, Dave and Greg went back home.

Being only eighteen, I can only remember a couple of things from this time. Firstly and mostly, it was a great time in my life mostly due to the friends I made that year are still my friends today, more than thirty years later – Tracy Cobb, Jan Ingeberg, Barb Mansbridge to name a few.

I mentioned earlier in the book that whenever I begin to get insecure about my knowledge and or experiences, I pray for another sign to make sure I'm not making all this stuff up in my imagination. I was speaking with my aunt the other night about this. She is more scripture-based with her beliefs however, regardless of how your belief is manifested; it is the walk and not the talk that is important.

How patient is... God? What with the constant bombardment of doubt, wants and sins of us all? Every day, He proves to us His power and love for us by providing all the elements in the right order and amounts and at the right time for our existence, and yet, every day, millions, if not billions, of us continue only to believe that our existence is some sort of cosmic accident, bump in the dark, coincidence or worse still only believe when we are wanton. Still... God sends daily reminders of His awesomeness, and grace.

I've been trying to use as few as possible references to any sort of bible or books about religion, whether it be Christianity including Catholicism, or Judaism, Islam, secular/agnosticism/atheism, Hinduism, Chinese traditional religion, Buddhism, primal-indigenous, African traditional and Sikhism, Spiritualism, Baha'i, Jainism, Shinto, Cao Dai, Zoroastrianism, Neo-Paganism, Unitarian Universalism, Rastafarianism, or Scientology because ultimately we are a

part of the all. We may argue about the details but it is the sum of us that will determine the final outcome.

First, let's define a word so we all start with the same understanding. I use the Internet, and in particular, for the most part, Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia because I believe, with our failing educational system, it is where most people get their information and definitions. I also believe that through personal use and having seen many references by friends and the news media, that Wikipedia is a source of much-referenced information.

The first of what might be considered my personal stigmata appeared when I was eighteen years old and living in Calgary, Alberta. I was living a meager existence, but still happy and healthy. My budget for food was so small that I ate mostly sandwiches from Mr. Submarine (a sub sandwich chain).

Wikipedia defines the word stigmata as follows;

Stigmata are bodily marks, sores, or sensations of pain in locations corresponding to the crucifixion wounds of Jesus, such as the hands and feet. The term originates from the line at the end of Saint Paul's letter to the Galatians where he says, I bear on my body the marks of Jesus. Stigmata is the plural of the Greek word stigma, meaning a mark or brand such as might have been used for identification of an animal or slave. An individual bearing stigmata is referred to as a stigmatic.

The causes of stigmata may vary from case to case. Stigmata are primarily associated with the Roman Catholic faith. Many reported stigmatics are members of Catholic religious orders.

Reported cases of stigmata take various forms. Many show some or all of the five Holy Wounds that were, according to the Bible, inflicted on Jesus during his crucifixion; wounds in the hands and feet (from nails) and in the side (from a lance.) Some stigmatics

display wounds to the forehead similar to those caused by the Crown of Thorns. Other reported forms include tears of blood or sweating blood, and wounds to the back as from scourging.

Some stigmatics claim to feel the pain of wounds with no external marks; these are referred to as invisible stigmata. In other claims, stigmata are accompanied by extreme pain. Some stigmatic's wounds do not appear to clot, and stay fresh and uninfected. The blood from the wounds is said, in some cases, to have a pleasant, perfumed odor, known as the Odor of Sanctity.

Individuals who have obtained the stigmata are many times described as ecstasies. At the time of receiving the stigmata, they are overwhelmed with emotions.

No case of stigmata is known to have occurred before the thirteenth century, when the depiction of the crucified Jesus in Western Christendom emphasized his humanity.

In his paper Hospitality and Pain, Christian theologian Ivan Illich states; Compassion with Christ...is faith so strong and so deeply incarnate that it leads to the individual embodiment of the contemplated pain. His thesis is that stigmata result from exceptional poignancy of religious faith and desire to associate oneself with the suffering Messiah.

I recall distinctly having problems with the tops of both feet (*dorsum pedis*). I had not hurt them in any sort of sporting accident or with badly fitting shoes; I never dropped anything on them, and they were not from any other human activity yet, the tops of my feet—particularly my right foot—had wounds on them like someone had taken a hammer and struck them. I don't recall for how long, but the wounds were there, affecting my walk for a long period of time, and long enough to make an impression on my memory some thirty years later. I have wondered on more than one occasion over those thirty

years why it happened. But my wondering didn't go any further until lately.

The second event that left a distinct impression on my memory concerns blisters and sores smack dab in the center of my palms that I have experienced on more than one occasion. At one point, someone opined that it was my stigmata. At that time, I was sort of familiar with the term though not substantially. I had to research it. Recently, I've had fewer blisters but more often a sensation of burning directly where the blisters would appear. As I write now, I have a burning sensation on my palms.

One of my last evenings in my Hollywood Hills home before I went back to Corbyville in 2008, I was zoning out when, in the upper left hand corner of the apartment, I saw a bright kind of light. Although I knew it wasn't physically happening, that I was seeing more with my third eye than my first two, the light was real. It wasn't light that comes from electricity—it was a natural light of life.

And this light was giving me knowledge. It is difficult to describe when this type of knowledge is being given... there's a dialogue, but it's not the same as we are having now between writer and reader, or when you are speaking with someone verbally. This type of knowledge is understood - similar to my understanding of my anointment.

Nonetheless, the communication was clear. The light was indeed spirit of Christ. It was not threatening in any sense. Quite the opposite...the energy that emanated from the light was calming, peaceful, and inviting. At first, and I say this with the utmost humility and almost shame now, I felt that I was Christ himself, and at that moment I was in reverence. I had a sense that it might be the second coming

at first, but then the feeling became calming, peaceful, and natural as is the love of... God. It quickly became clear that it was a confirmation of yet more affirmations I needed to continue my path. I can't remember all that was said to me except that I was/am in oneness and a part of, and walking with, Him.

This journey that I find myself on is often marred with secular information that diverts me from discovering truth. Greed is the most prevalent of sins destroying the very fabric of our existence. The end-times are here and now – a simple sentence with serious consequences. This was part of the message imparted to me. Be a naysayer if you like, but look beyond yourself and your needs, and if you're lucky, you will see the light. No pun intended, but relevant all the same. At the moment I understood that the end-times were near, I felt something running down the right side of my face. I took my hand and wiped my face. When I looked at my hand, there was blood. Not a great deal but it was blood on my hand.

It is always alarming when you see your own blood, no matter how it happens. I jumped up and went to the bathroom to look in the mirror. Indeed, there was blood running from the middle of my forehead above the center of the brows. I wiped the rest of the blood from my face, looking for a cut or sore, but nothing. It was as though the blood came from nowhere.

With this sign I still hadn't put together any sort of stigmata significance. Although it was very strange I was more interested in the light and the message I got from it, although I didn't tell anyone because the initial response to stories like this is Oh, yeah? What drugs were you on? Ha ha ha!

It wasn't until this final instance that I linked all these experiences to stigmata-like phenomena. Many of the gates and parks in Palm Springs have high fences on them so people can't get in. On one occasion, I had forgotten my key so I needed to hop the fence. This particular type of fence was made of iron bars with pointed tips. When I was crossing this fence, I slipped. When I checked, I saw that I was punctured on the right side of my rib cage—I believe between the fourth and fifth ribs, if I counted correctly starting from the bottom. It was quite serious; over the next couple of months, I thought I would have a permanent scar.

In addition, at forty-eight years old, I have never been in the hospital since I was about six years old, when I had my tonsils removed. Also, when I was forty-six, I had a lump removed from my right side above from where I was punctured from the fence-hopping.

What conclusion would you come to if you put all these facts together for yourself? God is not shy to answer prayers and reveal signs of being with you, if you are true to Him. He is not a toy; He won't do tricks to amuse us, but if you are in true fellowship with Him—and you will know when you are—then He is always there to answer you. Really.

In my Hollywood Hills apartment and the many apparitions, odors, and other supernatural things were happening, a couple of distinct encounters with water occurred. The bathroom was built partially into the mountainside where the entire home was hanging on. The floor was made of stones and cement and the walls were cement.

On yet another evening, I was channel surfing when I went into the bathroom and urinated. I don't really recall but

I probably went back to the couch to watch some more television or whatever. Sometime later, I don't recall how long, I went back into the bathroom. There, in the middle of the room, was a pool of water.

The pool was closer to the bottom right side of the picture. It was at least three feet away from the toilet and maybe about the same from the sink. I had not been running any water nor had I showered and dripped water on the floor. Even if I had washed my hands or had a shower, that would not have created a pool of water about four inches in diameter and an inch deep.

The first and strongest question I posed to myself was the message of water was a sign of Christ or was it the Holy Spirit? I remember standing in the room sensing what was going on. This was about the time after my father's death; I could have still been burning the candles. However, secular reasoning rushes the common sense and I think to myself, *My God, did I urinate all over the floor? Is this what it's like to grow old—you can't control the flow?* I knew I hadn't, but how could all this water get there? I checked all the pipes and shower for leaks, but nothing. Finally, I took a rag, cleaned up the water, and went to bed.

During this time all these occurrences had me thinking constantly about spirituality and all that goes along with it. I was probably always talking to... God asking for clarity and understanding of what was going on. Was this some sort of secret message for me or was I to become a messenger and speak about all this? Anyone I told was politely amused but not getting it.



I guess it was the next night when I once again went into the bathroom and what was there, but the pool of water. Now, I was getting a little frustrated, not intimidated. I thought to myself, *What the...?* I bent over to take a closer look. I still had the thought of urine in my head, but how could that be? I finally put my hand in the liquid and brought my fingers to my nose to smell, but nothing. No odor at all. Okay, what the heck; I bent down again to get some more of the liquid, took a deep breath, and tasted it. To my surprise, it was clean, clear, *cold* spring water. It tasted as fresh as it had just run down a mountain. I know this taste as I had grown up in the countryside and we had a creek running by our house with this same cold, clear, distinct-tasting water. There is nothing like spring water. Once again, I felt His presence.

Another water experience occurred when I went to the gym one day while living in Palm Springs. It was a typical blistering day of at least one hundred degrees. I was in the gym for about one hour. When I came out from the gym and started to get into my car, I looked down and saw a dead leaf right at my car door. In that old brown dead leaf was a pool of

water. I was jarred for a moment at what I was looking at.

I looked around but there were no sprinklers or signs of water visible. Everything was dry as a bone except for the dried-out dead little leaf with a half ounce of water or so sitting in it. I chuckled, acknowledged its existence, and went on my way.

Although there were several more incidences involving water, I'll tell one more that happened inside my Hollywood Hills shower. The shower area was large, perhaps seven feet wide and at least seven feet high and angled. Inside the shower was a shelf about two or two and half feet wide.

I've already mentioned that I used to take piping hot showers and steam therapy. At one point, when I started to recognize the apparitions appearing on the walls, I would take my camera and try to photograph them—but I couldn't. The pictures always turned out blurry or something else was wrong with them. I tried different types of cameras and settings. They wouldn't photograph.

Now, I can't draw, plain and simple. Wish I could, but that talent I don't have. And I don't want to practice enough to develop it. But I wanted to record what I was seeing because I knew I was leaving and, at that time, I thought I



would never be back (PS; never say never). So I tried to draw some of the images.

This I called *Peggy*. One day, I was cleaning the bathroom when suddenly; I could have sworn I heard a

conversation between my mother and father that took place when I was very young, when she would have been in her late twenties or early thirties. I heard her voice distinctly.

Okay, back to the water story. The picture above was located on part of the wall that was above the shelf in the shower. I had tried on many occasions to photograph it without success for various reasons. Nonetheless, I was determined to record the image somehow, because I didn't know if the images were going to remain or disappear. After all, I had lived in that apartment for almost a year without noticing anything and even the guy who built the house had never noticed anything for some eighteen years. It was suspect that they appeared so suddenly and could disappear just as quickly. How was I to know? Therefore, I was determined for them to be more than a memory.

The next day, I went to the art store and bought some art paper, charcoal chalk sticks, and some Sharpies. I really did not know how to draw but I was going to give it my best effort. The same went for painting; I bought some acrylic paints, watered them down, and put brush to paper to see what would come of it.

I tried and tried but I couldn't seem to capture on paper what I was seeing with my eyes. But I kept trying. Day after day, I made a great effort but nothing. In between trying, I would leave the paper and charcoal sticks on the shelf of the shower. To my amazement, the water did not hit the shelf and the art supplies were safe from being ruined.

However, I do recall on more than one occasion, after a spiritual encounter, that shelf would have an inch of ice-cold, silk-like water on it after I had taken a piping-hot shower. Each time, I would have the same peaceful and cleansed feel

about me. I realized it was the same water that I was blessed with during my first anointment.

I had an associate who lived in Palm Springs. He was suffering from severe heart problems from a botched open-heart surgery a few years previously. A heavy smoker, his life was on the line. He came up to Los Angeles and I took him to UCLA for his checkup before his operation was scheduled. He went back to Palm Springs and waited.

The day before his operation, I insisted that he stay with me because by that time, I was convinced that the shower had healing properties and I wanted him to use it. In particular, I wanted to see if the ice-cold silky water would appear in the shower when he used it. The next morning, before I took him for his operation, he had a long shower. When he was finished, I particularly asked him how it felt. I then checked for the water on the shelf. Indeed, the water was there, ice-cold and silky smooth.

I mentioned what I thought about the shower's healing qualities, but he scoffed. He went into the hospital for his operation. There was a very dim outlook for success for this operation. To the astonishment of everyone—the doctor, patient, friends, family, and especially me—he made it through the operation without incident. The amazing thing was that he was sitting up and laughing the very next day like nothing happened at all.

Don't Shoot the Messenger



I've been known for most in my life for speaking my thoughts—without filtering. The idea of filtering my thoughts would never have crossed my mind, though naturally, it has been beat into my psyche countless numbers of times by those around me. What I didn't realize until later in life, when I started paying more attention, is the fact that much of what I blurted out was a deeper truth that the receiver didn't want to hear, know, acknowledge, whatever the case. Sometimes I blurted things that would eventually manifest themselves.

There are two instances that I recall vividly when I blurted out something I thought was a joke, but turned out to be a premonition.

The first was in the mid-1980s while I was living in West Hollywood, California. As usual, most of my time was spent searching for my rhythm and the right people to hang out with. I had met a small group of people that I spent a few years with; until now, we are still semi-social when we see

each other.

Being twenty-something means, for the most, that you aren't too aware of your surroundings and how your actions affect others. We were a bunch of silly kids, none of us criminals or cruel unaware kids having fun. There were many late night/early morning parties with talking, loud music, and noisy laughter that drove the neighbors crazy. Most understood we were harmless. The wiser neighbors would come to us the next day to give us a friendly lecture and we would feel badly and behave for a while. But then, like little puppies, we would forget and spontaneously invite friends over and then it would happen all over again.

This was an upscale neighborhood and our house, which we rented, was by far the most rundown house on the street. We didn't care for the front yard as much as we should have and there were too many cars parked in the driveway—most not working. He was an artist and eccentric at a young age. He had an old blue Toyota at one point which he pasted colored non-skid fish bath stickers all over the car to hide the dents and scratches.

There was a neighbor down the way who was not thrilled with any of us or anything we did. As she was spending money improving her house and landscaping, she felt our property was devaluing the neighborhood and she wanted us out (of sight and mind).

We didn't take her rants seriously. We would sit around and talk about it. We thought she was a bitch. We couldn't understand why she was so upset and couldn't mind her own business.

On one of these evenings, a group of us were sitting around drinking and socializing when the conversation turned

to the crabby old lady down the street who was always complaining about us. She was putting in a new hedge at the front of her property. The conversation was generally jovial and sarcastic and jokes were being made about how she thought she was better than everyone and the like. I blurted out something like, Someone should go hack down the bushes. It was a simple little joke shot from the hip without any forethought or afterthought. People laughed and that was it.

Well, the next morning, there was a big scene outside because that night someone had gone and hacked all the hedges. There was brush and holes all over the hedge. Needless to say, we were all in shock. Although none of us liked her and we joked about bad things happening, no one really wished bad things to happen.

Many of the neighbors were already standing outside looking at the hedges when we arrived. After the initial shock, we were standing commenting and speculating on what had happened when someone brought up the fact that the night before, I said that someone should hack down the hedges to teach her a lesson. All eyes turned to me. I gasped as I couldn't believe anyone would think I could or would do something like that. (Projection is a great deflection of the truth.) I was all talk and I said it as a joke. It did not cross my mind that someone would actually do it. I started to laugh—the nervous kind that you can't control because I thought it was funny that my friends could think that I could have done something like that. It was an act too brazen for me. Nonetheless, it earned me a nickname that some still refer to today—Hedda Hedge-hacker. Some twenty-five years later, Paul remains believing I hacked the hedges.

Another incidence happened while I was working as a bookkeeper in a Beverly Hills business management/accounting firm.

We were a young group. There was a receptionist, a young girl maybe twenty or twenty-one. She drove an older VW bug that was breaking down on a daily basis which made her late for work. Her car problems was the center of the water-cooler conversation.

One day, as we were listening to her woes, I jokingly made a comment that if she liked, I would take her car into a bad area of the city and have someone steal it or bash it up so she could collect some insurance money and get a new car. Everyone chuckled. We wrapped up the gossip session and then we all went about our day.

The next morning, of course, the receptionist was late again. We all expected our daily updating of her car woes, but that morning, when she arrived; she had a different tale to tell. It seemed that the night before, someone had stolen her car and the police found it abandoned, all beat up and barely recognizable. Now I never saw it myself, but that was the story that was told.

Of course, all eyes were on me once again because of my comment day before. Nothing came of it and I don't recall what happened afterward.

Situations similar to these continue to happen on a regular basis. I have learned, but not always with great success, to watch what I say. I wasn't readily aware of the impact of my words, but I would soon feel the wrath of people's anger because my words hit too close to home.

As time passes in my life, I realize that certain information is passed on to me in order for me to pass it on to

others. With time and maturity, I am being blessed with some wisdom as to how to disseminate this knowledge without knocking people off their pedestals or seats, which hurts, causing them to reject the information being given rather than embrace it.

Whether it is divine, supernatural, or being aware, I am a mechanism of information. With this in mind, what I observe in an acute sense is the fact that most people categorize others how they want them to be rather than how they are.

When will we ever accept life on its terms?

The Four Faces of God



While in New York in the midst of a nationwide economic crash, I managed to find a prospective job in Palm Springs at a small boutique hotel, The Andreas Hotel, as a front desk clerk. I talked to the manager, Charlie Robles on several occasions and I convinced him not to hire anyone until I had a chance to interview for the job. I hopped in my car and once again, I was homeless, penniless, and heading toward Palm Springs, a part of my triangle. I did get the job and so thankful for it at that time.

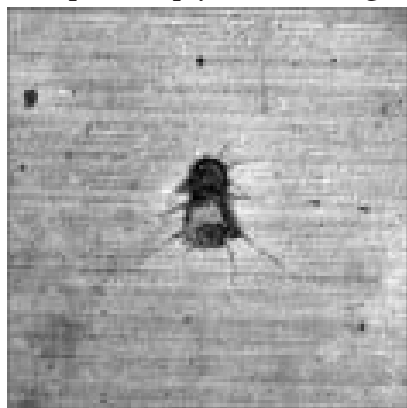
I returned to Palm Springs spiritually bumped and bruised, but not down for the count. My career as a front desk clerk in a hotel started right away, but it was not long-lasting. The money was minimal, there was no foreseeable way to make more, and I was spinning my wheels and living on my friend Daryl's porch. I was barely making it. Leading into 2009, people were not traveling, therefore, the hotel was cautious and the threat of lay-offs were always looming and sometimes used to control the staff. I also had facial hair that the owner, Larry Broughton, didn't approve for a front desk

clerk. Take me how I am or not at all... it was not at all.

While living on the porch at my friend Daryl's place, I continued with my photography and painting. There always seemed to be a theme or message coming through my paintings relative to what was happening in my life.

One day, I was out painting on a canvas in the driveway. I was using acrylic paints, which are nice because they usually dry quickly, and drippings are easily washed away.

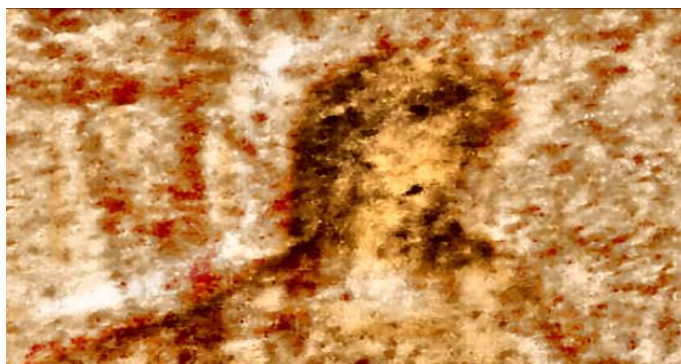
While painting, I made some mess on the driveway. I took the hose and began to spray away the drips of paint. However, there was one spot of paint that would not wash away. In fact, it would not get wet at all. I took the hose and sprayed the spot directly; although the paint spots around the clump of paint easily washed away, when the water hit the clump, it simply didn't even get wet.



I can't help see, feel, and, therefore, believe; this is an abstract image of the Virgin Mother; Mary. Yes, some will not see or feel it and yet, others will. The pink center portion is her belly facing left. The top, her head, is facing left.

This in and of itself may not be very convincing; however, as I've been relating my story and experiences, there are several examples of God's awesomeness through light and water, and the Virgin Mary. Throughout the couple of years of discovery since all of this started, I began to understand what an old priest in Montreal was referring to when he told me that images and messages

from Christ, the Virgin Mary, or the Holy Ghost, were very personal, and that no other person can explain the message. It is a personal quest that one must live and figure out themselves. One must work at discovering what and why this information is being given to the person—in this case, me.



The image above is another that I believe to represent the energy and image of the Holy Mother. It was one of the apparitions that appeared shortly after my anointment.

When I opened the image in a photo editing program and used a tool that removes a layer from the photograph, it revealed a deeper level of detail and some of the images have red which I believe represent the blood of Christ.

I clearly see the image of a woman facing right and slightly downward, as Mary (the Virgin Mother) is depicted in many paintings holding the baby Jesus. Many times, I would show friends and ask them what they saw without divulging my observations and opinions. Almost always, people would see a woman. Interestingly, my friend Jane, who is Jewish, and has no practical knowledge or emotional tie to Christianity, immediately saw a woman.

Another time, I posted a picture on my Facebook page and a friend simply remarked the holy grail or the grail

holder. When I read that, I was intrigued so I wrote to ask her why she wrote so. She replied that she didn't know—it was simply an impulse statement. She often did that with many of my photos or paintings.

The Four Faces of God

(dailyshepherd.com/four-faces-of-god)

Whatever trials and tribulation you may be facing today, God has hope and restoration for you. One of the most glorious visions that Ezekiel had was the vision of four glorious creatures (Ezekiel 1). From the center of a bright, burning cloud they came.



Their appearance was the likeness of a man and each of the four creatures had four wings. They moved in unison, wither the spirit was to go they went and they turned not when they went; (Ezekiel

1;12). These living creatures were angelic beings. John also saw them in heaven (Revelation 4;7). There was something most unusual concerning their faces. Each of the four had the face of a man, the face of a lion...the face of an ox, and the face of an eagle (Ezekiel 1;10).

Is there significance to these four faced angelic beings? Some believe that their faces represent God's living creation that will someday be redeemed from the curse of sin and manifest God's glory.

These living angelic beings represent the four-fold glory of Christ. In the Old Testament, the tabernacle where God's glory resided was a copy of the heavenly tabernacle. Every article was a picture of the glory of the coming of Christ. All the glories of heaven speak of Christ. He is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. (Revelation 1;8-10).

Consider Ezekiel's vision of these four-faced creatures and how they display four faces of Christ as revealed in the Word of God.

First—The Face of a Man

Jesus referred to himself most often as the Son of Man. Paul referred to Christ as the second Adam. Jesus, the Eternal Word, took upon himself human flesh when he was born of Mary (Philippians



2). The Son of Man was tempted in every way that you and I are, yet he was without sin. He knows how to strengthen and help us in our afflictions (Hebrews 2;18). Only as the Son of Man does he die on the cross for our sins.

Above, a man's profile is revealed. Depending on how much of the picture is shown, it could be an Indian chief's profile. Some others see a profile of George Washington. It is, however, under any circumstance, a man's profile.

There are a few but the above picture is yet another example of the images that appeared on my wall. Look carefully and one can clearly see the large profile of a man's face on the left side of the photo. He has a heavy brow, long white nose, white lips, and a very strong chin. Covering his right eye is a lion's head. And sitting on his left ear is a profile

of a woman's body resembling a profile of Athena's statue. In the upper left corner, about a half-inch down, one can discern the discrete face of an animal. And as you meditate on this photo, it will speak to you as well.

Second—The Face of a Lion



The lion is the king of all beasts. Jesus was born as the lion of Judah. His natural lineage was from King David. But His eternal lineage is great I AM—the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. John, the apostle, saw the vision of Christ as the lion and the lamb (Revelation 5;5-6). One day every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord (Philippians 2;8-11).

Third—Face of an Ox



An ox is a strong servile beast. Jesus came as a servant. He said He came not to be served but to serve and to give his life as a ransom for many (Matthew 20;28).

Fourth—The Face of an Eagle



An eagle is the king of

flight. It is a symbol of majesty and glory. Christ rules in majesty over heaven and earth. All heaven worships Him. There is the promise of strength and victory for those who will wait upon Him and acknowledge how awesome and holy He is (Isaiah 40;25-31; Revelation 19;11-16).

When, like Ezekiel, you behold the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, you will be set free, restored, and transformed from glory to glory (II Corinthians 3;17-18).

Where Will You Spend Eternity?



By looking back in your life you too can find signs. Open your mind. They are there. Once you find one you will be amazed at how many others will come flowing through the floodgates of the past.

It sounds like I lounge around frequently channel surfing and I guess I do more of that than I would like to; however, I also find it a good way to think about nothing and let my subconscious mind solve issues. One evening—and I hate to admit this one more than anything—I was watching TMZ. For those of you who aren't familiar with it, it is a trash tabloid half-hour television show which is known to stalk and gossip about celebrities.

On this particular episode, the cameraman was chasing down a football star in an airport. I had never heard of him - his name is Tim Tebow. Tim is known not only for his skills as a superb football player but also as a devout Christian. The question the cameraman asked Tim was, What is your favorite

quote from the bible? As for me, I wouldn't be able to name any—even today. His response, however, was, It would have to be John 3;16.

I presumed that he was talking about the Book of John, Chapter 3, Verse 16. Other than that, I didn't know what he was referring to. So, as I usually do when I hear something I don't know and want to know, I got up and went to my computer and asked my best friend, Google. He is always ready, willing, and able to answer any question.

There are so many translations over the centuries I chose Wikipedia, after having asked Google Who is John 3;16?

Greek Original

Οὕτως γὰρ ἠγάπησεν ὁ Θεὸς τὸν κόσμον, ὥστε τὸν Υἱὸν τὸν μονογενῆ ἔδωκεν, ἵνα πᾶς ὁ πιστεύων εἰς Αὐτὸν μὴ ἀπόληται ἀλλ' ἔχῃ ζωὴν αἰώνιον.

Latin

Sic enim Deus dilexit mundum, ut Filium suum unigenitum daret; ut omnis qui credit in eum, non pereat, sed habeat vitam æternam.

Middle English

For God louede so the world that he yaf his oon bigetun sone, that ech man that beliueth in him perische not, but haue euerlastynge lijf.

Protestant

For God so loveth the world, that he hath given his only son, that none that believe in him, should perish; but should have everlasting life.

Roman Catholic

For God so loved the world, as to give his only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in him, may not perish, but may have life everlasting.

Replaced Latin; Authorized King James Version

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

Forerunner of modern translations; Revised Version

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.

Formal equivalence; New American Standard Bible

For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.

Dynamic equivalence; Good News Bible

For God loved the world so much that he gave his only Son, so that everyone who believes in him may not die but have eternal life.

In-between approach, best-seller; New International Version

For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life.

Literal translation; Recovery Version of the Bible

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that everyone who believes into Him would not perish, but would have eternal life.

Formal equivalence; English Standard Version (from RSV)

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life.

Dynamic New World Translation of the Holy Scriptures

For God loved the world so much that he gave his only-begotten Son, in order that everyone exercising faith in him might not be destroyed but have everlasting life.

Paraphrase; The Message

How much God loved the world; he gave his Son, his one and only Son. And this is why; so that no one need be destroyed; by believing in him, anyone can have a whole and lasting life.

Optimal equivalence; Holman Christian Standard Bible

For God loved the world in this way; He gave His One and Only Son, so that everyone who believes in Him might not perish but have eternal life.

Formal and functional equivalence; New English Translation Bible

For this is the way God loved the world; He gave his one and only Son, so that everyone who believes in him will not perish but have eternal life.

Formal equivalence; Apostolic Bible Polyglot

For thus God loved the world, so that [son his only born he gave], that every one trusting in him, should not perish, but should have [life eternal].

This was interesting, but it didn't really impact my life at that time. As a matter of fact, I didn't really know why I was compelled to get up and find out what the meaning was. It's not like I was interested in football, Tim Tebow, or the bible.

The next day, I accompanied my friend, Daryl, as he went to pick up something from one of his clients in downtown Palm Springs. I waited for him as he went in to see the owner of the company. It was a typical very hot Palm Springs afternoon and I went to look for some shade while I waited. Daryl was known to take a long time to do the shortest task.



I found a window ledge a few feet away from the entrance of the establishment, the right place where I could keep an eye out for my friend and get out of the hot sun. When I sat down, I noticed

a shiny coin on the ledge. I thought to myself that it was my lucky day, having found a silver dollar coin.

When I picked it up, I could tell by its feel and weight that it wasn't a silver dollar but a plastic play coin. But when I began to read it; what else could it have been except; For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John 3:16.

Was this a coincidence or another sign? Whenever things like this would happen, it would make me reflect back on other unique instances that I glossed over in my daily chores as coincidences or just amusing. It is only after doing a little research, if you will, that I could start putting meaning to these coincidences.

The River Rambles On



Even as I write this final chapter stranger than fiction happens regularly, putting me in awe. My story is bewildering. Why? Why since I was a child and probably why until the day I die. Yet, the secular I still questions the validity and relevance of what is happening with my spirituality. Is this the human voyage? How many lifetimes will it take to understand or accept? Or is this it - the only lifetime – the only chance?

The above picture is of The Moira River which I speak of and my grandmother wrote about. On August 31, 2011 I received a call from my mother telling me of the picture. It

ran in The (Belleville) Intelligencer (local newspaper).
Headline; The trace of a man's face. Photo supplied by
Google. I'm just sayin'.

Unquestionably the years 2008–2012 have been the most
challenging and enlightening thus far in my life. With the
loss of a parent, career, and all my savings, while the country
itself was also having a financial meltdown, and virtually
homeless and with no jobs in sight - what is a (fifty year old)
man to do? What is a person to do? First and most important
thing you do is not to lose faith. And I didn't.

If anything I found faith—because of all my experiences—
and it became stronger. I became more thankful for what I
had, rather than wallowing in self-pity thinking about what I
used to have. And through it all, I couldn't help to feel that
the power of the universe we call God was/is still planning my
path. I pray daily for strength, wisdom, and courage to
understand my destiny and for that destiny to be brightly lit
for me to see and recognize it.

I searched diligently for any type of work during this
period of time. I have never been too proud to work. I need to
work – if for anything my sanity. I have to recognize my
friends, who during this time made work for me, gave me
emotional support.

One day while at a neighborhood coffee shop where I went
hoping to hear of some work through word-of-mouth, my
phone rang. I answered the phone and on the other end was a
woman enquiring about my résumé that I had submitted
through an online job search site.

After a few minutes of conversation the woman asked me
if this was Chris, Daryl James' friend. I acknowledged that I
was but didn't recall knowing this woman by her name. She

reminisced a bit and then politely told me that she didn't think the customer service position she was calling about would be suited for me or I for it. We thanked each other and hung up the phone.

A few hours later I received a phone call once again from the woman wanting to talk further about another position with the company. By this time I had recalled who she was and how we met.

A number of years earlier—two, three or four, I can't really recall—I met this woman and her significant other at Daryl's house.

Sitting in his garden this man and woman sat barefoot explaining what he had discovered and how he is working to bring knowledge to mankind, and that we, as human beings, have diseases because we are separated from the earth's power i.e. electrons. Electrons are essential for life.

Quite frankly, I didn't give any mind to anything he was saying. However, Daryl, who always sees an opportunity in every situation, thought that this would be an excellent opportunity for me (and him) in a marketing sense.

Daryl was an old-time sales person from the 1950s when marketing and sales were in their prime. For me, being a salesperson under the guise as marketing, did not interest me in the least—for any amount of money.

What an incredible memory recall she had, or it had already been written in fate that I would have this job?

After a few more conversations with this woman on the phone, a meeting was set up for an interview. It seemed that there was another position opening up as a financial controller for the company because the woman who was currently performing the duties was going on maternity leave.

While working at this company I also began to think, wonder, and realize that if the majority of the population is disconnected from the earth and thus the universe, and most of the population is sick and in pain. How then will we ever have a chance to become spiritually enlightened and connect with God when all our energies are fighting pain!

I soon realized, after having experienced firsthand the benefits and the truth behind Earthing® and our relationship with the earth itself, that we are in desperate need to reconnect with the earth, Mother Nature, and the truth behind our existence recognizing the power of that which created us in the first place... God.

Why is it such a battle getting in touch with... God when He is all around and so available? How can we develop our souls when our soles are disconnected. The process is sole-to-soul®. Go out, get barefoot on the ground, and feel re-energized by the natural energy, the purist natural energy that will put your physical being in balance in order to be in touch with your supernatural self—your soul.

Grounding, the industry of the company that I worked for, is a down-to-earth natural science for the body through the soles of your feet. It is not new knowledge by any means but it is being newly marketed by new technology.

It is your first step to getting the soul of your spirit in balance with God and the universe. Take the first step, have faith, and pray daily thanking the great power that created us for what you have. The rest will come naturally because we are created to be healthy and happy—anything other than this is unnatural and unacceptable.

One last story. In February 2011, my friend Jane threw

herself a sixtieth birthday party in Hollywood—hilariously over-the-top-Jane, wouldn't expect anything less. Only Jane could organize something that could slow down Hollywood Boulevard with clowns, pantomimes, and stilt walkers.

Throughout life whenever I've gone to any fortune teller my readings have said that I'm a dreamer; I won't settle down until later in life; my head is in the clouds; etc. This particular reading, the first thing the card reader said to me, without a word from me except hello, was that I was a very grounded person. And she emphasized grounded.

For those skeptics who have actually made it to the end of the book; how and why on earth (no pun intended) would a tarot card reader refer to me as a very grounded person during the period when I am indeed literally being grounded?

Coincidences not. Look around you. Open your eyes. You are going to be surprised at all that is really going on.

Ok, one last last story – for real or at least for now. This one is last because I really wasn't sure if I was going to share it or shelve it.

I couldn't decide where to place it in the book, under which chapter. It is a significant healing point in my life so I guess I'll place it here.

The year was 1977 and I was fifteen. There were a lot of pressures at this time; being a teenager; family finances; too many people living in a three bedroom bungalow.

One of my escapes, as with (too) many people today was television. In particular a show called Eight is Enough. It was the story of a family with eight children.

There was a character, Tommy Bradford, played by actor Willie Aames who was about my age and with whom I

vicariously lived. Their stories always had happy endings, and like many television watchers before me (and after) I escaped my unhappy daily routine with this television family.

The episode of Eight is Enough was set during Christmas entitled Yes, Nicholas there is a Santa Claus. The family was about to celebrate the first Christmas without their natural mother whom had died the previous year. (actress Diana Hyland who played the mother died in real life March 1977 due to breast cancer. Her character was replaced by actress Betty Buckley.)

Essentially the story was about how the family was adjusting to celebrating the season without their mother and at the same time had their house burglarized and all the gifts were stolen.

The character Tommy was having the most difficult time adjusting to the loss of the mother and was distancing himself from the rest of the family. Dad and new step mom are desperately trying to keep the family (emotionally and physically) glued together during this horrible time.

At the end of the show, (if my memory serves me correctly) new step-mom finds a small gift that natural mom had hidden away for Tommy. It seems that natural mom would buy gifts throughout the year as she found them and keep them for Christmas.

As Tommy is about to stomp out of the house he is surrounded by his loved one's and is given the gift. He (and the audience) is told of the importance of family love and how and why they should always stick together - A great moment to remember!

At this time my heart and emotions were wide open and vulnerable. I was deep in the zone of this moment. And as this

happened a huge disruption of anger happened in my real family home. There was yelling and screaming and we were all sent to bed.

My emotions were raw. The state of emotions I was in at that very moment were trampled. I was crushed. I never got to fully reconcile those emotions, and instead it became hurt and anger.

Of course I was only fifteen and the emotions got swept under the carpet and I went on with my life. I may have forgotten the situation consciously, but the un-reconciled emotional event would rear its ugly head later on without me knowing where it originated.

I would think about the show from time to time. So it must have been a very important time in my life. It was also the same period when I left my parents home to live on my own in high school. (This is so therapeutic.)

Anyway, fast forward to 2009. I can't remember the exact dates, but I do remember Alec Baldwin doing the commercials for Hulu.com. They were advertising TV on the internet. I saw the commercials a few times and like many checked them out.

It was great watching all my old favorite shows like Bewitched and I Dream of Jeannie. I loved the magical and fantasy shows. It was also nice to realize that I had outgrown these shows and although they were fun they didn't hold an interest for me now.

Then I remembered Eight is Enough. It took a lot of searching because I couldn't remember the name of the episode nor could I really remember what it was about except the closing scene with Tommy Bradford. But I found it!

I watched it right away reliving every moment from what

I could remember as a fifteen year old boy. The emotions came back and this time I was able to watch the episode in full and in peace. The decades-old emotional scar I was carrying around for decades faded away. It was complete.

Sometime after, not long – a couple of weeks, I wanted to go back and watch the episode again, but it was gone. And as quickly as everything else that happens to me; it disappeared.

I can't help to wonder, placing this instance along-side all my other co -instances, did the episode come on long enough to help me heal?

So that's it. And as the great Pharaoh Ramesses II said in the Ten Commandments, So let it be written, so let it be done.

